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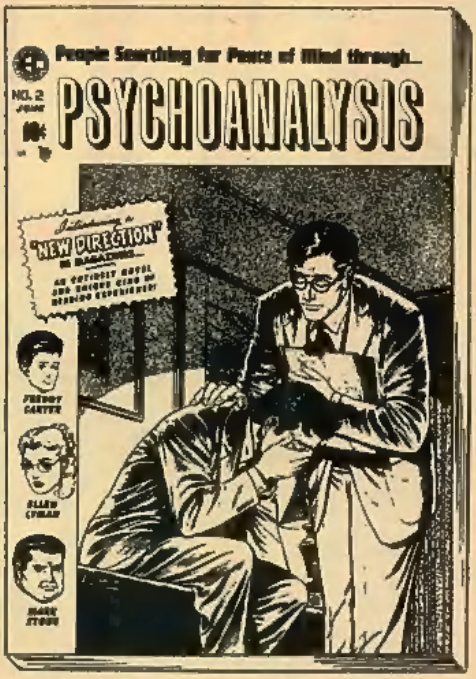

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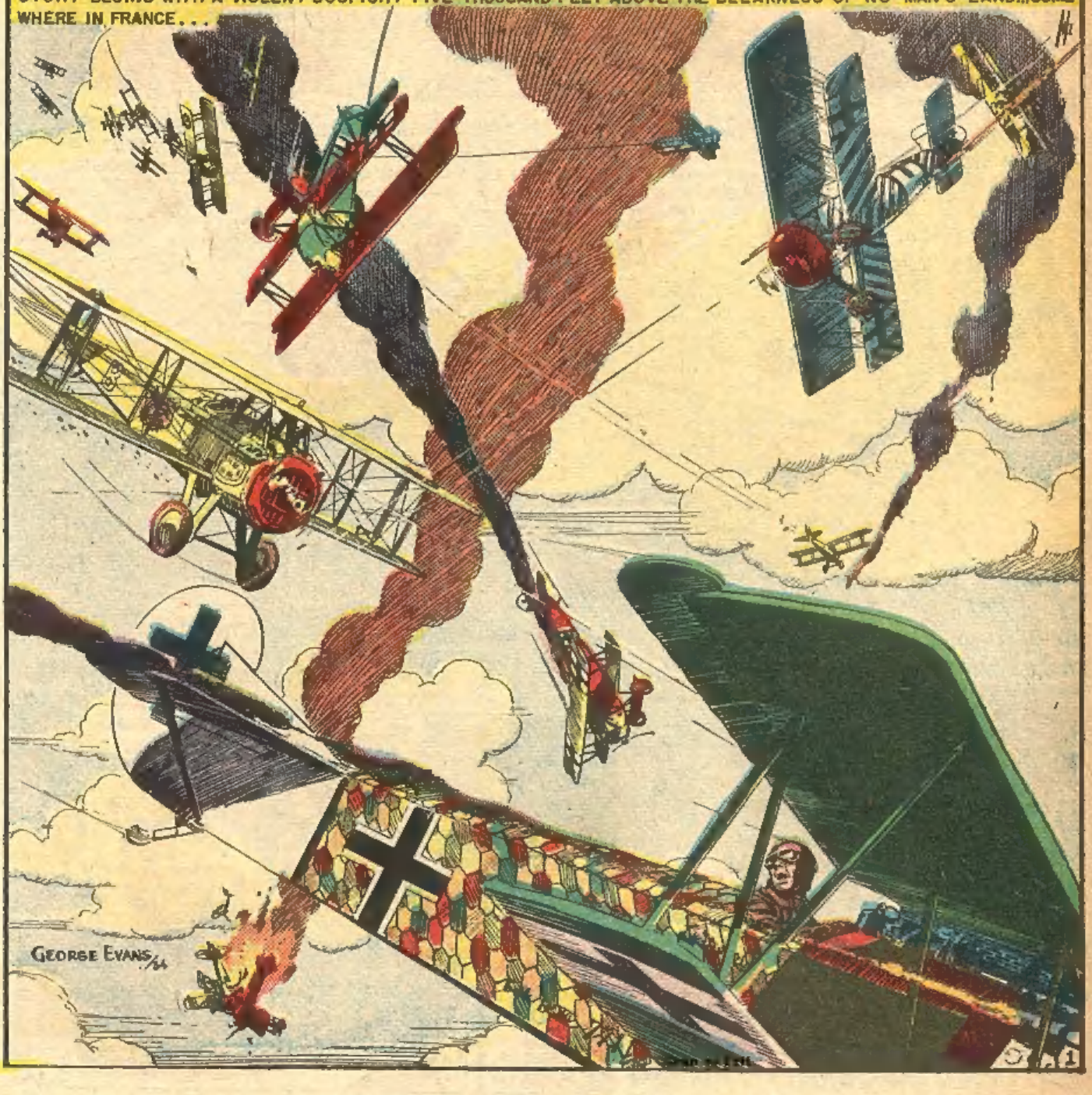
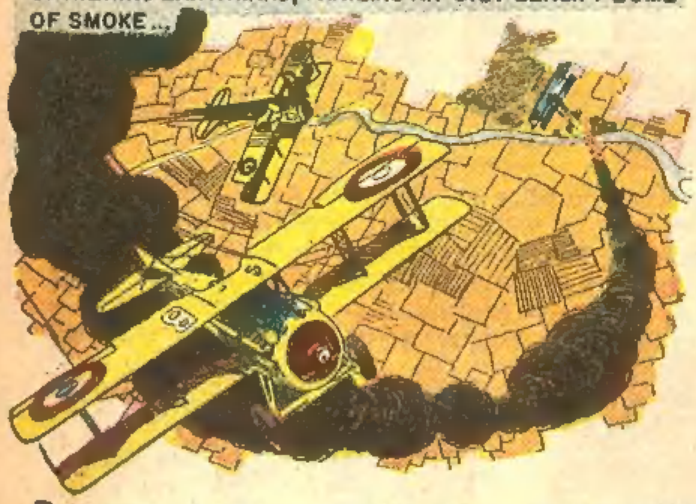
CHIVALRY!

AS IT WAS IN OLDEN DAYS, WHEN CHIVALROUS KNIGHTS IN ARMOR SOUGHT COMBAT FOR GLORY AND ADVENTURE...SO IT WAS IN THAT SAME SPIRIT, IN THOSE DAYS OF '17, THAT GALLANT GLADIATORS IN LEATHER FLEW FORTH TO DO BATTLE IN THE SKIES. AND IN THE KAISER'S TIME, AS IN THE TIME OF RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED, THERE WERE LAWS... UNWRITTEN LAWS...RULES OF CONDUCT BY WHICH THESE WARRIORS IN SPADS AND FOKKERS LIVED AND DIED. THIS BOOK, THEN, IS A HISTORY OF SUCH MEN... AND THIS FIRST STORY, OF ONE MAN WHO VIOLATED THOSE CODES. OUR STORY BEGINS WITH A VIOLENT DOGFIGHT FIVE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE BLEAKNESS OF NO-MAN'S-LAND...SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE...

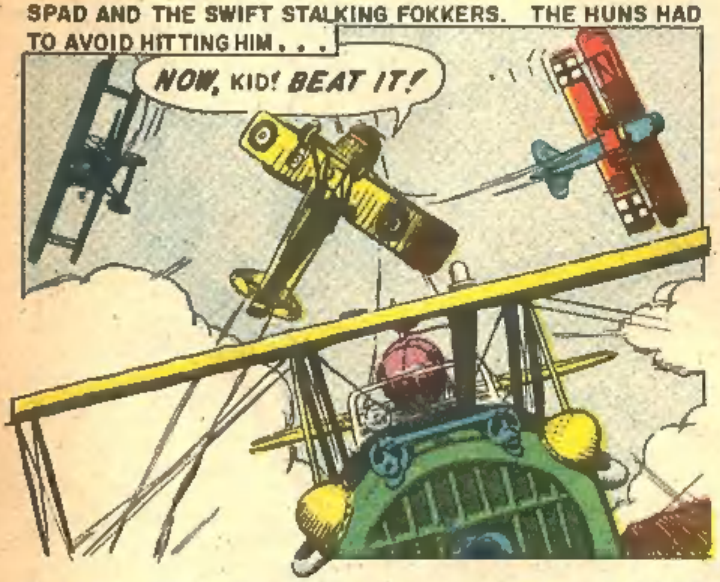


IT WAS LT. PATRICK HOGAN'S FIRST AIR SCRAP, AND HE TOOK IT WITH THE RELISH OF AN EAGLE RIPPING INTO A FLIGHT OF SPARROWS. ONLY FIVE MINUTES OF COMBAT HAD SCREAMED BY BEFORE PAT SENT HIS FIRST FOKKER SHRIEKING EARTHWARD, TRAILING AN OILY BLACK PLUME OF SMOKE...

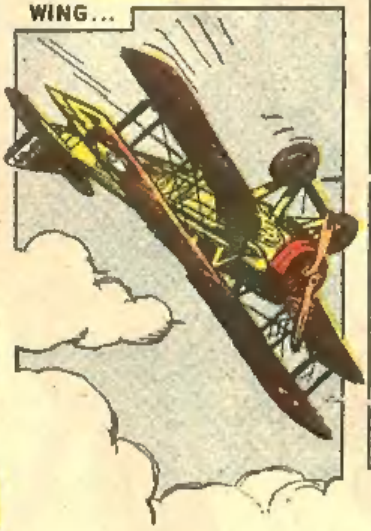


IT WAS "THE KID'S" FIRST AERIAL BATTLE, TOO. PAT RECOGNIZED STEVE BARRY'S SPAD AT A GLANCE... RECOGNIZED IT BY "THE KID'S" ERRATIC HANDLING OF THE SPEEDY SHIP. PAT SAW IN AN INSTANT THAT STEVE WAS IN TROUBLE. TWO HUNS WERE CONVERGING ON HIS TAIL...

PAT YANKED HARD ON THE STICK AND WENT INTO A CHANDELLE, COMING UP NEATLY BETWEEN "THE KID'S" FLEEING SPAD AND THE SWIFT STALKING FOKKERS. THE HUNS HAD TO AVOID HITTING HIM...

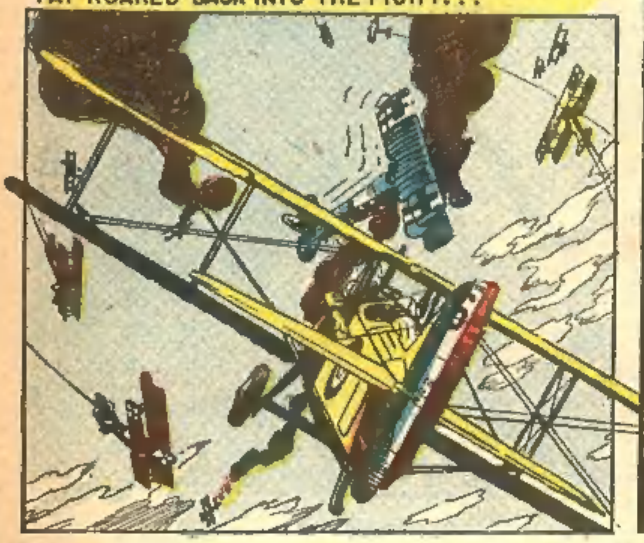


PAT HUNG THERE MOMENTARILY, THEN STALLED, FALLING OFF ON ONE WING...

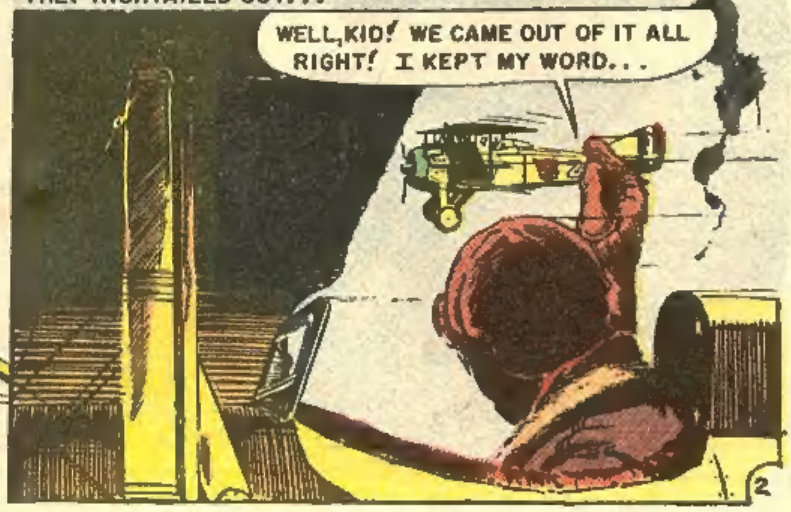


HE FOUGHT OFF THE SPIN... THEN STICKED FORWARD INTO A DIVE...

THE WIND SPUN PAT'S PROP. THE STALLED HISPANO-SUIZA MOTOR COUGHED AND CAUGHT. PAT ROARED BACK INTO THE FIGHT...



AFTER A WHILE, THE YANKS' UNCONVENTIONAL, WILD-INDIAN COMBAT FLYING PROVED TOO MUCH FOR THE METHODICAL JERRIES. THEIR SQUADRON LEADER WAGGLED HIS WINGS AND THEY HIGHTAILED OUT...



LATER, WHILE THE BOYS WERE BEERING UP AT SQUADRON 28'S CANTEEN...

I TELL YOU, YOU'VE NEVER *SEEN* FLYING LIKE IT! THERE I WAS WITH THOSE TWO FOKKERS GETTING THEIR SIGHTS ON MY TAIL, WHEN OUT OF NOWHERE COMES PAT...

BUT PAT WASN'T LISTENING TO "THE KID". PAT WAS REMEMBERING BACK TO MINEOLA DAYS... BACK WHEN HE'D FIRST MET STEVE BARRY...

HEY! WHAT ARE *YOU* DOIN' IN THE AIR CORPS, KID? HOW *OLD* ARE YOU? *FIFTEEN? SIXTEEN?*

I'M *TWENTY*... AND HERE'S MY BIRTH CERTIFICATE TO *PROVE* IT. I CARRY IT WITH ME BECAUSE *NOBODY* EVER BELIEVES ME!

STEVE WAS ONLY A FEW MONTHS YOUNGER THAN PAT. BUT FROM THAT FIRST MINUTE ON, HE WAS ALWAYS "THE KID" TO PAT. AND THEY'D BECOME CLOSE FRIENDS...

YOU WILL LOOK AFTER STEVE FOR ME, WON'T YOU, PAT?

AW, MOM! I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!

SURE, MRS. BARRY! STEVE'S... WELL... HE'S LIKE A BROTHER TO ME. I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM...

IT HADN'T BEEN EASY LOOKING AFTER "THE KID". STEVE WAS YOUNG IN A LOT OF WAYS, WITH A YOUNGSTER'S INDIFFERENCE TO DANGER, AND WHEN HE AND PAT HAD STARTED THEIR AIR TRAINING...

DID YOU SEE ME STUNTING UP THERE, PAT?

I SAW... AND THE NEXT TIME YOU FLIRT WITH A MILITARY FUNERAL LIKE THAT, YOU'D BETTER STAY UP... BECAUSE I'LL SLAP YOUR EARS OFF WHEN YOU COME DOWN...

THOSE WERE THE THINGS PAT REMEMBERED THAT RAW APRIL DAY IN FRANCE IN THE CANTEEN OF THE 28TH. HE'D KEPT HIS WORD TO "THE KID'S" MOTHER THAT DAY. AND, JUST THREE DAYS LATER, HE WAS CALLED UPON TO DO IT AGAIN...

IDIOT! HE *CAN'T* COUNT ON ME BEING AROUND TO SAVE HIS SKIN *EVERY* TIME HE GETS INTO A JAM...

PAT HAD PICKED OFF THE PFALZ DOGGING "THE KID'S" TAIL. BUT IT WASN'T THIRTY SECONDS LATER THAT STEVE BARRY GOT HIMSELF INTO ANOTHER MESS. "THE KID" HAD SINGLED OUT THE SQUADRON LEADER, BARON WALTER VON RITTER... THE MAN RESPECTED BY ALL ALLIED AIRMEN AS GERMANY'S "FLYING FOX." PAT WAS MIXING IT UP WITH TWO FOKKERS WHEN OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, HE SAW...

GOOD LORD! HE'S DIVING ON *VON RITTER!* *NO, KID! DON'T!*

THE BARON REVVED DOWN. HIS PFALZ D-8 SEEMED TO HANG IN MID-AIR. STEVE'S SPAD SHRIEKED DOWN IN FRONT OF HIM...

THEN VON RITTER PIQUED... A VERTICAL DIVE NO MORE THAN THIRTY YARDS BEHIND "THE KID." HIS TWIN SPANDAUS SPAT A STREAM OF TRACERS AFTER HIS PREY. . .

A FIERY STEEL SLUG HISSED PAST STEVE'S HEAD AND LOST ITSELF THROUGH THE INSTRUMENT PANEL INTO THE HISPANO. A MOMENT LATER, FLAME SPURTED OUT AT "THE KID"...

WITH FIRE SEARING HIM...CHOKING HIM... "THE KID" FLEW BY INSTINCT. THE SPAD SCREAMED AND GROANED AS HE PULLED IT OUT OF ITS DIVE AND ZOOMED . . .

THEN HE CUT HIS ENGINE AND WENT INTO A PAST SIDE-SLIP DRAWING THE FLAMES AWAY FROM HIM. . .

BARON VON RITTER WATCHED "THE KID'S" MANEUVERS WITH AMAZEMENT. . .

DONNERWETTER! HE HAS *PUT OUT THE FIRE!* WHAT A PITY TO HAVE TO *DESTROY* HIM AFTER THAT!

STEVE WAS FLYING LEVEL NOW, MOVING SLOWLY AWAY FROM THE BATTLE-GROUND IN THE SKY. THE GERMAN ACE DREW EVEN WITH HIM AND HE COULD SEE "THE KID" WRITHING IN AGONY...

ACH, DU LIEBER... SO YOUNG! THOSE AMERICANS... THEY HAVE *CHILDREN* FLYING THEIR PLANES NOW!

PAT HAD DISENGAGED HIMSELF FROM THE DOGFIGHT AND RACED AFTER THE KID. AS HE NEARED THE PFALZ AND THE CRIPPLED SPAD, HE COULD SEE THE GALLANT ENEMY HOVERING PROTECTIVELY OVER HIS HELPLESS BUDDY. PAT SALUTED GRATEFULLY...

THANKS, JERRY! THANKS A LOT. . .

LATER, PAT VISITED STEVE BARRY AT THE 28TH'S INFIRMARY...

YOU'RE A *LUCKY GUY,* KID! WHY VON RITTER *SPARED* YOU, I'LL *NEVER* KNOW! BUT I'LL NEVER *FORGET* HIM FOR THIS!

AND AT THAT MOMENT, THE C.O. OF *JAGSTAFFEL XIX*, BARON WALTER VON RITTER, WAS DISCUSSING THE AIR BATTLE OVER A STEIN OF PILSENER...

SO *YOUNG* HE WAS! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE SHOOTING DOWN A *CHILD!*

I WONDER IF THE *AMERICAN* WOULD HAVE BEEN THAT CONSIDERATE HAD IT BEEN ONE OF *US*, HERR BARON!

I THINK SO, LIEUTENANT! *JA!* HE'D HAVE DONE THE *SAME THING!* LIKE WITH US, IT IS NOT *MEN* THEY ARE FIGHTING, BUT *IDEAS*...*PHILOSOPHIES!* THEY THINK *ONE* THING...WE *ANOTHER*...

A NEARBY VOICE INTERRUPTED THE BARON... A LOUD, BOASTFUL VOICE. VON RITTER TURNED AND STUDIED THE NEW ARRIVAL...

YOU, THERE! *JA, YOU*, LIEUTENANT! *COME HERE!*

THE BRAGGART APPROACHED HIS C.O., SNAPPED A SALUTE, AND REGARDED HIS SUPERIOR WITH SUCH A HAUGHTY AIR THAT VON RITTER WAS FORCED TO SMILE...

AH, I SEE WE HAVE WITH US A *FUTURE ACE!* YOUR NAME...?

LIEUTENANT HORST VIEGEL, SIR! I HAVE NOT YET BEEN IN *COMBAT*, BUT MY COMMANDANT AT THE AIR SCHOOL SAID I AM A *NATURAL FLIER!*

THE BARON LOOKED AROUND AT THE OTHER PILOTS AND WINKED...

PERHAPS, HERR LIEUTENANT, WE'D BETTER WARN THE ENEMY THAT YOU ARE *HERE!*

THEY'LL LEARN SOON ENOUGH, THOSE STUPID AMERICANS. YOU MAKE IRONIC REMARKS ABOUT ME BEING AN ACE, SIR. YOU WILL *SEE!* I WILL KNOCK THEM OUT OF THE *SKY!*

PERHAPS YOU *SHOULD* WARN THEM, HERR BARON... WARN THE AMERICANS THAT YOU HAVE A FIGHTER WHO WILL GIVE *NO QUARTER*...*NO MERCY!*

THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS YOU HAD BETTER *LEARN*, HERR VIEGEL. *RULES WE GO BY*...

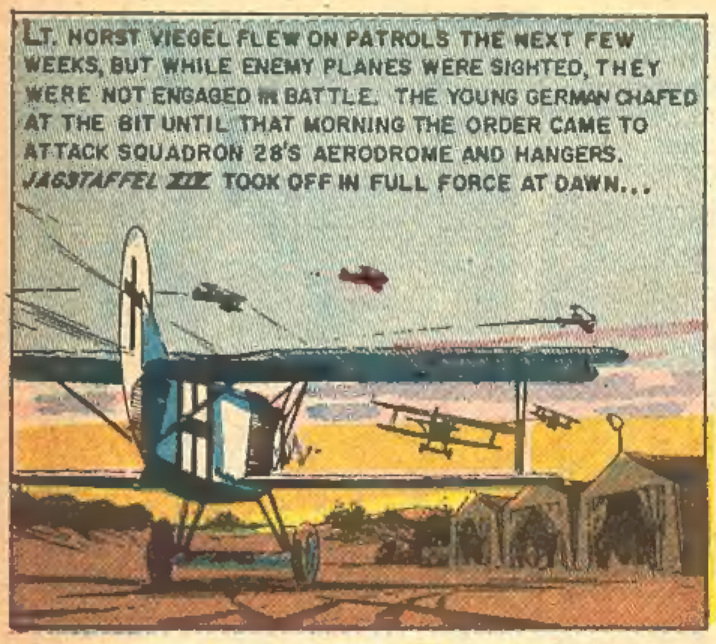
RULES, SIR? I *LEARNED* NO RULES! I *HEARD* NONE! I KNOW ONLY TO *FLY*... AND *KILL!*

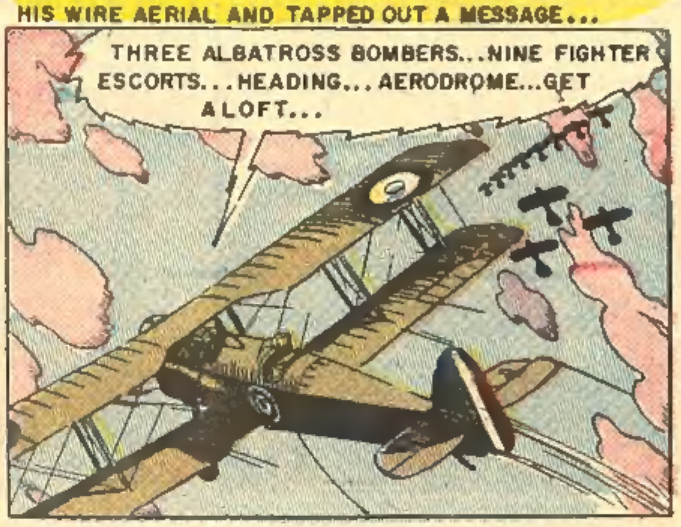
YOU WILL DO WELL TO OBSERVE THE BEHAVIOR, NOT ONLY OF YOUR *COMRADES*, HERR VIEGEL, BUT OF THE *ENEMY* AS WELL. WE ARE *SOLDIERS* OF THE AIR...*NOT MURDERERS!*

THE NEW LIEUTENANT GLANCED ICILY AT HIS COMMANDING OFFICER...

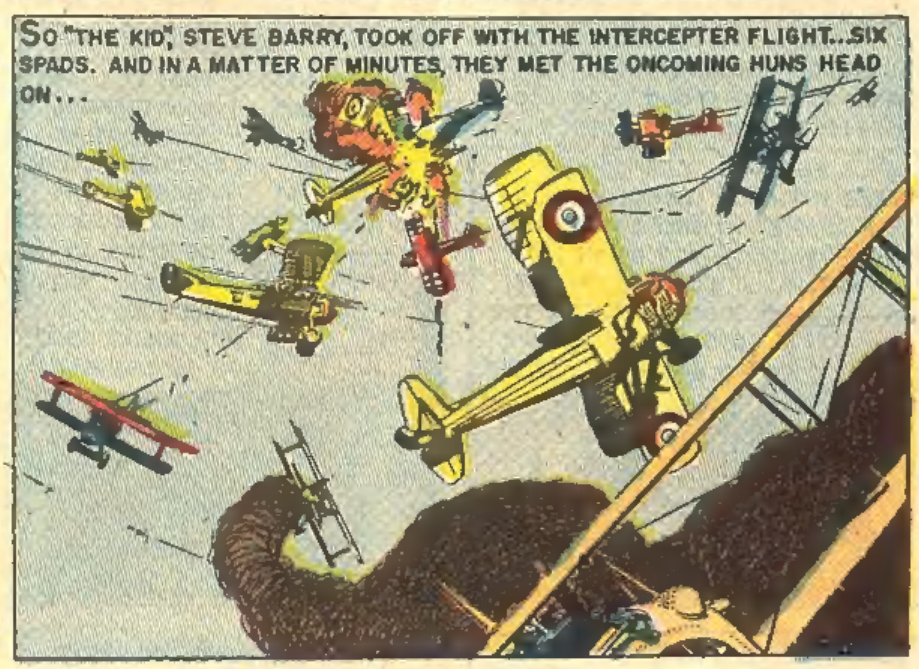
NOT MEANING TO BE *DISRESPECTFUL*, HERR BARON... BUT THE *KAISER HIMSELF* HAS SAID, "DESTROY THE ENEMY!" DESTROY! *DESTROY! DESTROY!*

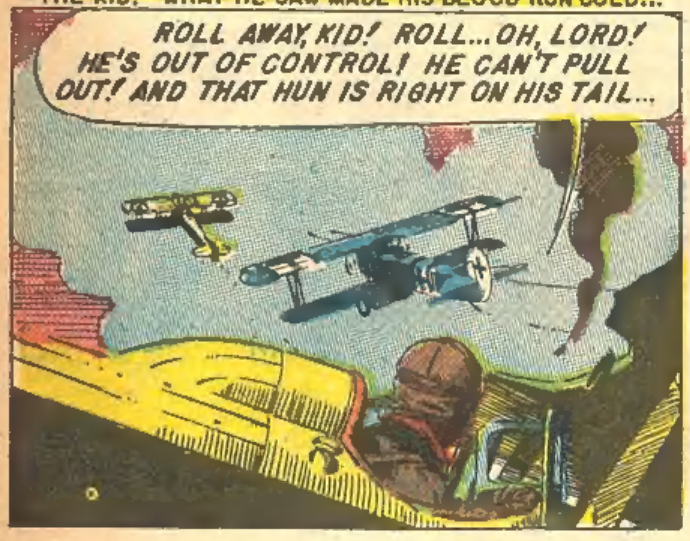
BUT AT THE *SAME TIME*, HERR LIEUTENANT, HAVE A CARE NOT TO DESTROY THE ONLY *DECENCY* WE HAVE *KNOWN* IN THIS BRUTAL WAR... THE RULES OF *FAIR PLAY!*


LT. HORST VIEGEL FLEW ON PATROLS THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, BUT WHILE ENEMY PLANES WERE SIGHTED, THEY WERE NOT ENGAGED IN BATTLE. THE YOUNG GERMAN CHAFED AT THE BIT UNTIL THAT MORNING THE ORDER CAME TO ATTACK SQUADRON 28'S AERODROME AND HANGERS. JAGSTAFFEL XIX TOOK OFF IN FULL FORCE AT DAWN...


LT. WES BARROWS WAS ON DAWN PATROL, ALONE, JUST ONE MILE FROM GERMAN LINES WHEN HE SIGHTED THE ENEMY SQUADRON FLYING WEST. HE LOWERED HIS WIRE AERIAL AND TAPPED OUT A MESSAGE...
THREE ALBATROSS BOMBERS...NINE FIGHTER ESCORTS...HEADING... AERODROME...GET ALOFT...

THE 28TH'S WIRELESS RECEIVER PICKED UP THE URGENT MESSAGE. IN TWO MINUTES THE YANKS WERE IN THEIR TEDDY BEAR SUITS...
YOU'RE NOT GOING, KID. YOU'RE NOT STRONG ENOUGH YET!
DON'T TRY TO STOP, ME, PAT! I'M A BIG BOY NOW! I'VE BEEN IN DOGFIGHTS! I DON'T NEED A NURSEMAID!


SO "THE KID", STEVE BARRY, TOOK OFF WITH THE INTERCEPTER FLIGHT...SIX SPADS. AND IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THEY MET THE ONCOMING HUNS HEAD ON...


OUTNUMBERED, THE YANKS FOUGHT VALIANTLY. IN THE MIDST OF THE MELEE, PAT LOOKED AROUND FOR "THE KID." WHAT HE SAW MADE HIS BLOOD RUN COLD...
ROLL AWAY, KID! ROLL...OH, LORD! HE'S OUT OF CONTROL! HE CAN'T PULL OUT! AND THAT HUN IS RIGHT ON HIS TAIL...

LT. HORST VIEGEL, THE PILOT OF THE FOKKER ON STEVE BARRY'S TAIL, KEPT POURING HOT STEEL AT "THE KID'S" FALLING SPAD...
NOW, HERR BARON! OBSERVE THE FIRST KILL OF A NEW ACE!

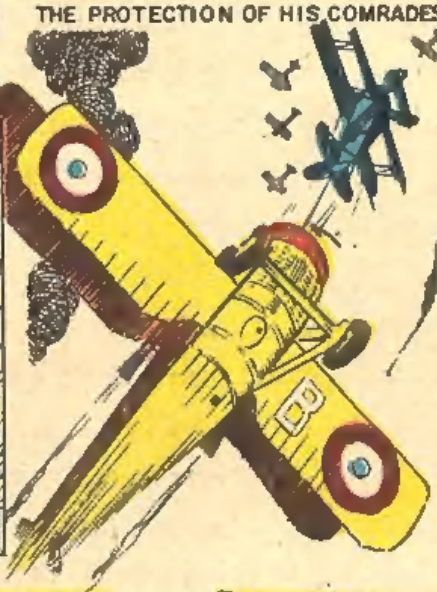
SOMEHOW, "THE KID" MANAGED TO PULL HIS PLANE OUT OF ITS TAIL-SPIN JUST BEFORE IT GLIDED IN AND SMASHED THROUGH SOME BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS...

"THE KID" CLIMBED OUT OF THE WRECKAGE AND STARTED TO RUN FOR THE YANK TRENCHES LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED YARDS AWAY...

PAT WAS ON HIS WAY DOWN TO HELP HIS BUDDY WHEN HE SAW THE FOKKER SCREAM IN...MACHINE GUNS BLAZING...

"THE KID" WAS CAUGHT IN THE WITHERING STRAFING FIRE. HE CRUMBLED INTO A LIFELESS HEAP. LT. VIEGEL ZOOMED. PAT SHRIEKED IN BEHIND...THROWING INCENDIARY STEEL...

VIEGEL SAW THE TRACERS STREAK BY. HE CLIMBED FRANTICALLY TO THE PROTECTION OF HIS COMRADES.



BUT LT. HORST VIEGEL'S SQUADRON MATES HAD SEEN IT ALL. BARON VON RITTER PEELED OFF, AND CUT IN FRONT OF THE CLIMBING FOKKER... FORCING HIM TO TURN AWAY..FORCING HIM TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH THE PURSUING YANK...

LT. PAT HOGAN CAME UNDER THE BELLY OF THE DESPISED HUN... HIS VICKERS GUNS CHATTERING STEADILY. . .VIEGEL'S FOKKER EXPLODED IN A FIERY ROAR . . .

PAT TURNED SLOWLY AWAY. HE WAS WILLING TO DIE NOW. BUT NOT A JERRY OPENED UP. INSTEAD, THE BARON'S PFALZ CAME BY. . . AND THE BARON SALUTED HIM. IT WAS A TRIBUTE...AND AN APOLOGY... ALL IN ONE. PAT SMILED SADLY AND RETURNED THE SALUTE...

THINGS WOULD BE DIFFERENT NOW. "THE KID" WAS GONE. PAT WOULD MISS HIM. BUT ONE THING HADN'T CHANGED. PAT KNEW THAT. DECENCY. THAT STILL RULED IN THE AIR OVER FRANCE...

-THE END-

THE ACE OF ACES

A low flying Bristol fighter plane swooped in over the German lines in the Somme sector on a blazing hot August day in 1916. While the tired German riflemen in the trenches gaped aloft, the daring British pilot wheeled in lazy circles, sent his plane through a series of loops and then buzzed the trenches. He flew so low, that his wheels almost touched the sand-bagged parapets. Incensed by such insulting behavior, the infantrymen banged away at the elusive flyer with Mausers and machine guns. Apparently the Englishman had been baiting them for precisely such a reaction.

He doubled back and once more buzzed the lines. This time he wasn't fooling. His Vickers machine gun spat lead and he pushed his craft to top speed, racing up and down through the German positions, shooting up everything in sight. Some of his bullets found an ammo dump which went up with a roar, spreading flames and death. Soon, the sporadic rifle fire below ceased, as the Germans scurried for cover and stayed there. In a final defiant gesture, the English aviator made another pass. Any hardy soul who had the courage to look up would have seen that the flyer was thumbing his nose at the cowering troops crouching in the trenches.

This kind of reckless exploit was routine for Captain Albert Ball, a twenty year old airman who was a terror to the enemy and the outstanding ace in the Royal Flying Corps. Having enlisted as an infantry soldier when the war broke out in 1914, Ball soon found that trench warfare did not suit his temperament.

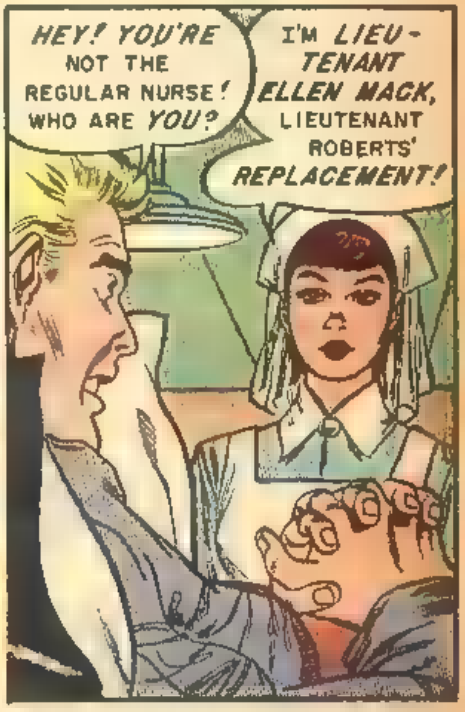
Not being the shy, retiring type, young Ball did something about his plight. He decided that the future of warfare lay with the Air Service, so in October, 1915, he transferred to the fledgling Royal Flying Corps. On February 18, 1916, Ball was sent to France and went into action a few days later in the Somme sector. From the moment he left the ground on his first combat mission, the Germans, cocky over recent air victories, realized that they were in for a rough time.

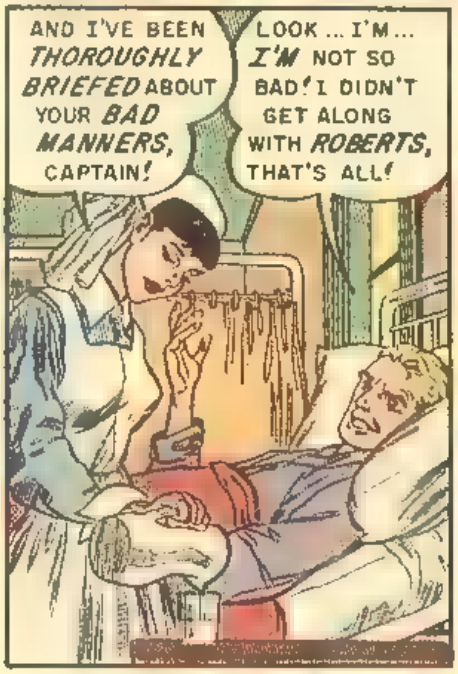
Ball treated the most seasoned German aces as if they were raw recruits. He flew rings around them, broke up their formations, displayed weird tactics that completely unnerved the enemy, and never backed out of a scrap. He was practically a one-man squadron. Like most aces, Ball was flamboyant. He decorated his plane with outlandish symbols and adapted, for himself, a most unique costume. Whenever he took off, he wrapped a long blue scarf around his throat. The scarf was so long that it fluttered out beyond the plane, trailing from the open cockpit for all the world to see that Albert Ball was on the loose.

On May 6, 1917, Ball accomplished the incredible feat of destroying 39 enemy planes, both in the air and on the ground. There were grim faces in the mess halls of a dozen German squadrons that night. The word went out to get Ball at all costs. Four days later, a squadron led by the great von Richthofen, finally brought Ball down. Ball died in his plane, but his spirit lived and carried the men of the Royal Flying Corps to the final victory many months later.

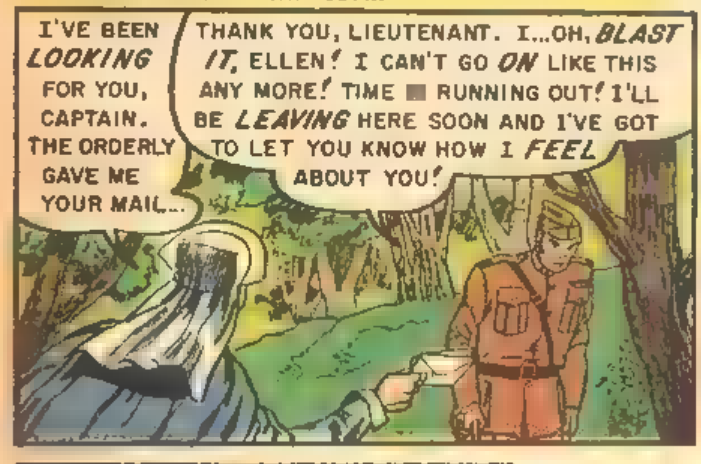
REVENGE

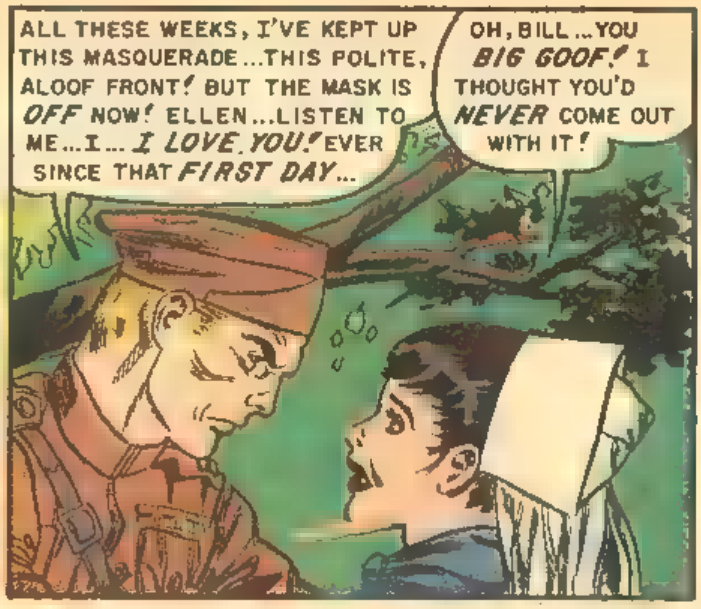
CAPTAIN WILLIAM WARREN OF THE 97TH PURSUIT SQUADRON, UNITED STATES AIR CORPS, WAS A FLYING FOOL WHO CHAFED AT THE BIT WHEN GERMAN MACHINE GUN SLUGS DOWNED HIS SPAD AND PUT HIM ON THE SHELF WITH A FRACTURED LEG. HE RESENTED THIS ENFORCED INACTIVITY, AND LET EVERYONE AT THE BASE HOSPITAL KNOW IT, UNTIL, ONE DAY...

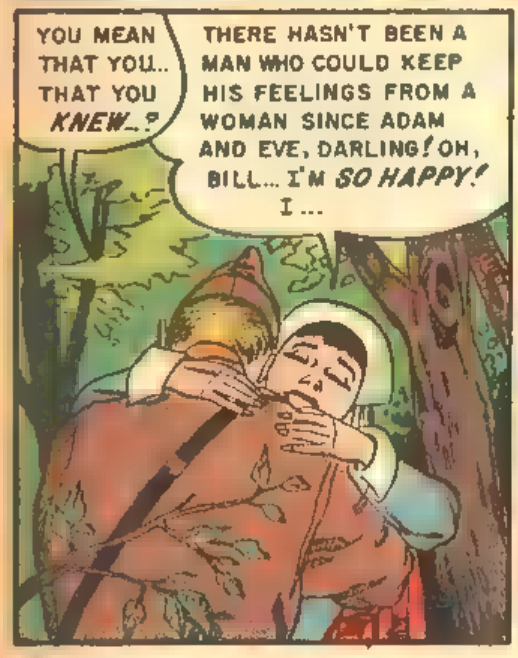




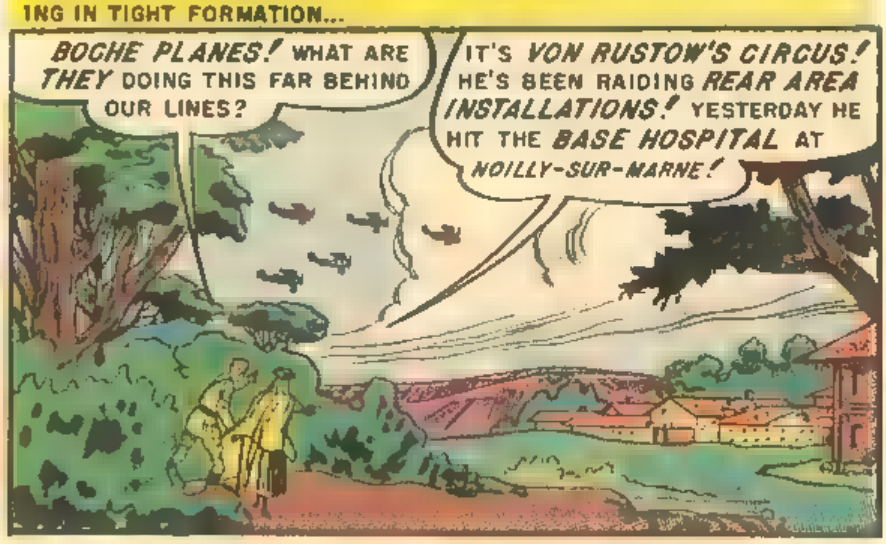
AS THE WEEKS SLOWLY PASSED, CAPTAIN WARREN'S LEG HEALED AND HE WAS FINALLY SCHEDULED TO LEAVE THE HOSPITAL. BUT BY THEN, HIS PERSONAL SITUATION HAD CHANGED QUITE DRASTICALLY, AND THIS NEWS SCARCELY BROUGHT HIM JOY...



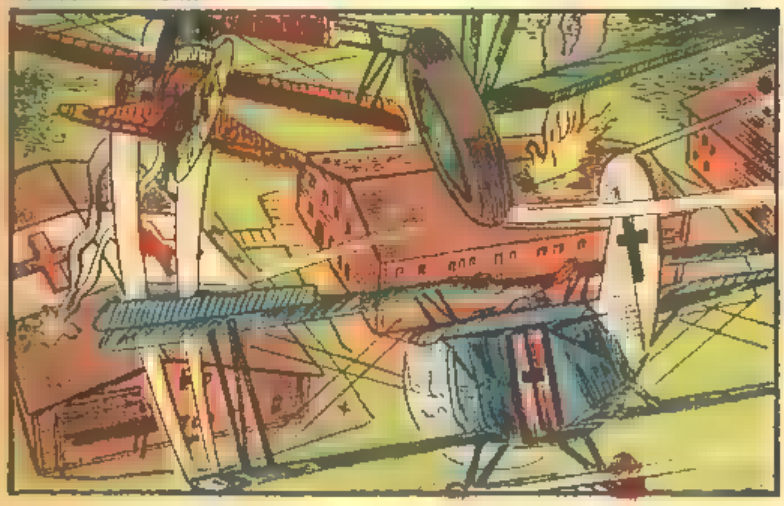




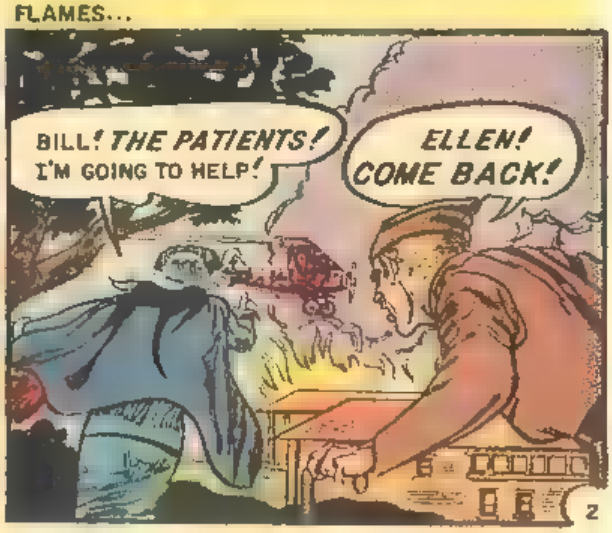
BUT EVEN AT THAT ECSTATIC MOMENT, THE WAR...LIKE AN EVIL OMINOUS SHADOW...BROUGHT BILL AND ELLEN SUDDENLY BACK TO STARK REALITY. IT CAME IN THE FORM OF FIVE FOKKER CHASER SHIPS FLYING IN TIGHT FORMATION...



THE FOKKER FORMATION ROARED IN LOW OVER THE WOODEN HOSPITAL BUILDINGS...THEIR CHATTERING SPANDAU GUNS POURING INCENDIARY BULLETS. TENDRILS OF SMOKE AND TONGUES OF FLAME BEGAN TO RISE FROM THE RIDDLED STRUCTURES...

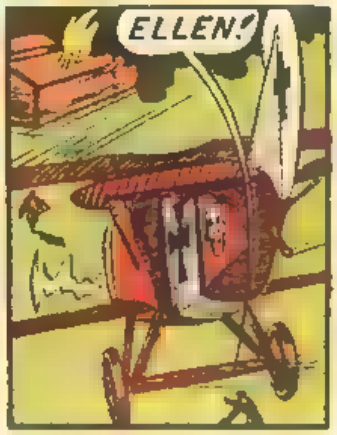


AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE PITILESS HUNS ATTACKED. THE AIR ABOVE THE HOSPITAL RESOUNDED WITH THE ROAR OF ENGINES, THE STACCATO TATTOO OF MACHINE GUNS, THE CRACKLING OF MOUNTING FLAMES...



AS ELLEN RAN OUT INTO THE OPEN, A RED FOKKER WITH A DEATH'S HEAD INSIGNIA BANKED SHARPLY AND DIVED EARTHWARD...

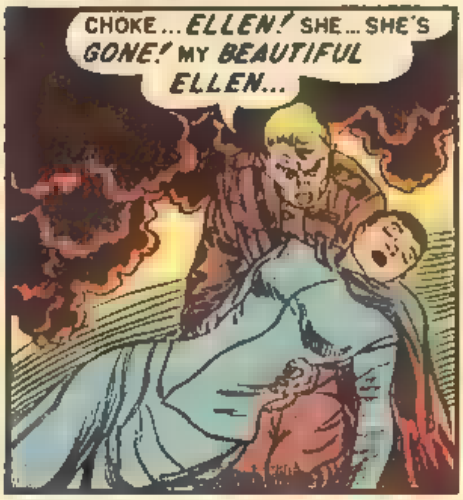
THE DEATH'S HEAD SEEMED TO GRIN EVILY AS THE FOKKER WHINED DOWN UNTIL THE RUNNING GIRL WAS IN THE SIGHTS OF ITS SPANDAUS...



A TWIN STREAM OF STEEL CHATTERED ACROSS THE HOSPITAL GROUNDS... KICKING UP DIRT...CHASING THE HELPLESS NURSE...

SHE PITCHED FORWARD THE FOKKER ZOOMED...

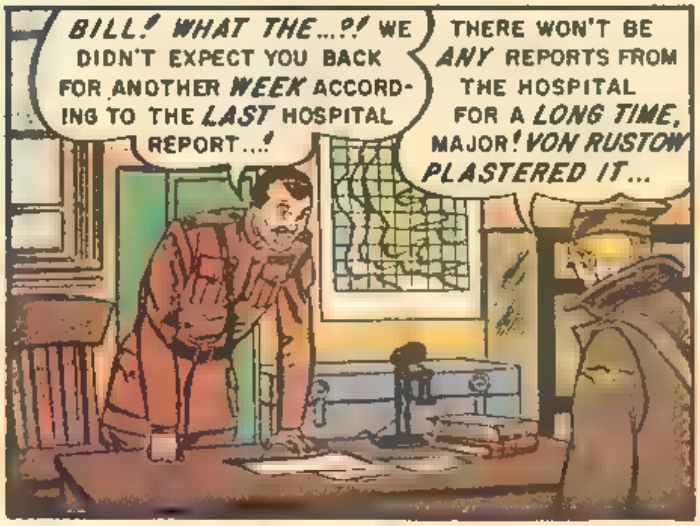
HORRIFIED, BILL HOBBLED TO THE FALLEN ELLEN AND KNEALT BESIDE HER. HE GATHERED HER LIMP BODY IN HIS ARMS AND ONE GLANCE TOLD HIM THE GHASTLY TRUTH...



HE TURNED SLOWLY, HIS FACE A MASK OF HATE AND GRIEF. HE SCREAMED AFTER THE FLEEING RED FOKKER...

NUMB WITH SHOCK, BILL WATCHED GRIMLY AS THEY CARRIED ELLEN'S BODY AWAY...

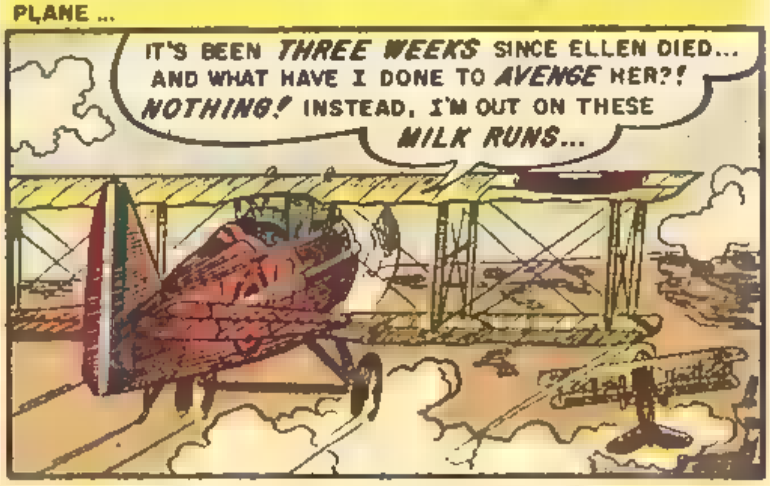
A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE OPERATIONS OFFICE OF THE 97TH PURSUIT SQUADRON...



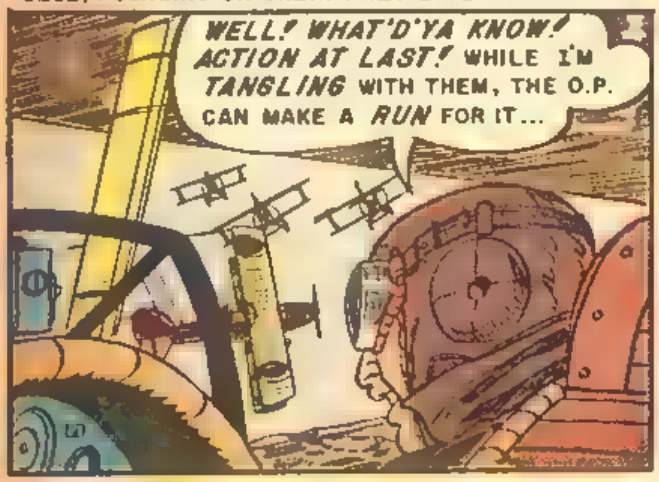
NOW *WAIT A MINUTE*, BILL! YOU'RE WELCOME HERE...VERY WELCOME. BUT *YOU'RE* NOT RUNNING THE 97TH! *I AM!* YOU'RE NOT *FIT* FOR COMBAT YET, AND YOU *KNOW* IT! YOU HOBBLED IN HERE LIKE AN *OLD MAN!* I'LL ASSIGN YOU TO ESCORTING O.P.'S, BUT *THAT'S ALL!* THIS IS *NO PRIVATE WAR*, YOU KNOW!

FOR *ME* IT IS, AND IT WON'T *END* UNTIL I *FIND* VON RUSTOW...

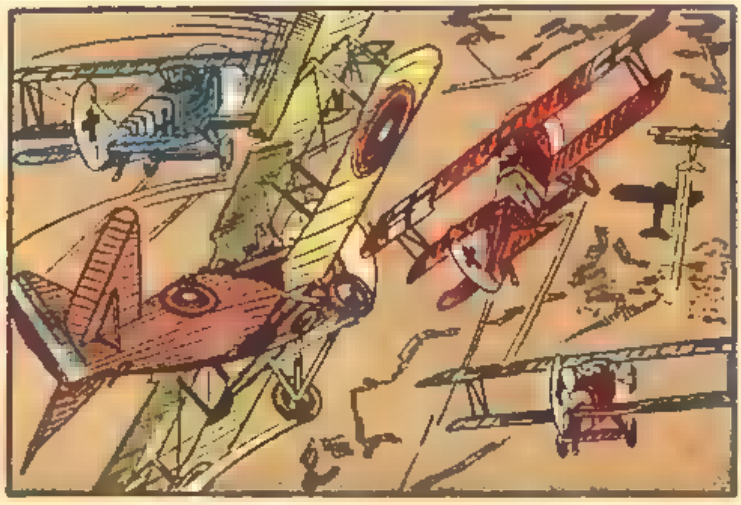
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, WHILE THE REST OF THE BOYS OF THE 97TH MET THE BOCHE IN FIERCE DOG FIGHTS, BILL WAS SENT OUT ON DULL ROUTINE MISSIONS. ONE MORNING, AS HE WAS FLYING ESCORT TO A SLOW MOVING OBSERVATION PLANE ...



SUDDENLY, A TRIO OF FOKKER CHASERS... SPOTTING THE CLUMSY O.P. AND ITS SINGLE SPAD GUARDIAN, AND SENSING AN EASY KILL ...DROPPED OUT OF THE BLUE, POUNCING ON THEIR PREY LIKE WILD CATS...



AS THE THREE BOCHE PLANES SCREAMED DOWN, BILL YANKED BACK ON HIS STICK AND ZOOMED INTO AN INSIDE LOOP... PULLING OUT ON THE FOKKERS' TAILS ...



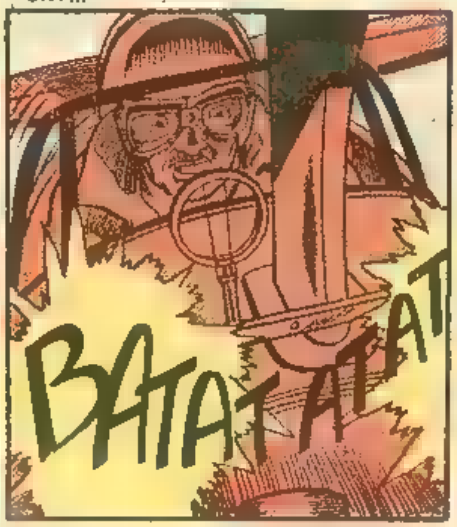
THE HUNS SCATTERED AS BILL OPENED FIRE...

BUT HIS TRACERS HAD FOUND A MARK. THE FIRST FOKKER SHUDDERED ...SPIT A FEW ANGRY TONGUES OF FLAME... THEN EXPLODED...

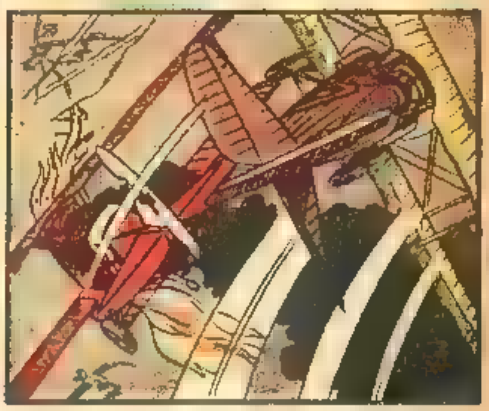
BILL KICKED HIS RUDDER AND CHANDELLED, COMING UP UNDER THE SECOND FOKKER AS IT LOOPED. HIS TRACERS PINHOLED ALONG ITS FUSELAGE UNTIL THEY FOUND THE COCKPIT...

ITS PILOT DEAD AT THE CONTROLS, THE SECOND FOKKER SPUN EARTHWARD CRAZILY. THE THIRD FOKKER WAS FAR BELOW, BANKING OUT OF ITS ESCAPE DIVE AND HEADING EAST. BILL PUSHED THE STICK FORWARD, AND ROARED DOWN AT IT...

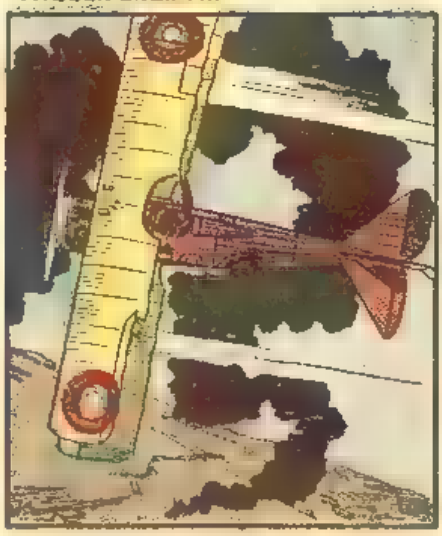
AS HE CAME WITHIN RANGE, BILL OPENED UP. HIS GUNS CHATTERED, SENDING THEIR INCENDIARY STEEL STREAKING ACROSS THE SKY...



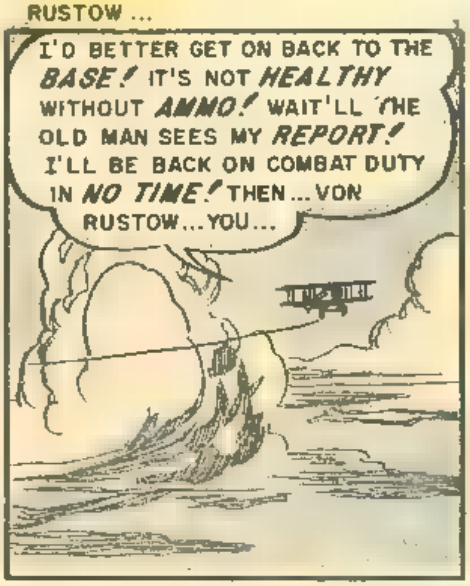
AS THE LAST OF THE AMMUNITION IN HIS GUN BELT WAS SENT ON ITS FLAMING WAY AND BILL'S VICKERS CLICKED HOLLOWLY, THE THIRD FOKKER BURST INTO FLAMES AND CAREENED TOWARDS THE GROUND, A BILLOWING TRAIL OF SMOKE MARKING THE COURSE OF ITS EARTHWARD PLUNGE...



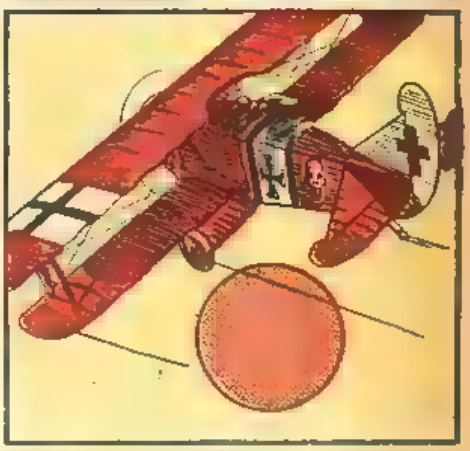
BILL SMILED GRIMLY OVER HIS TRIPLE KILL. BEFORE TURNING HOMEWARD, HE SALUTED THE FALLEN ENEMY...



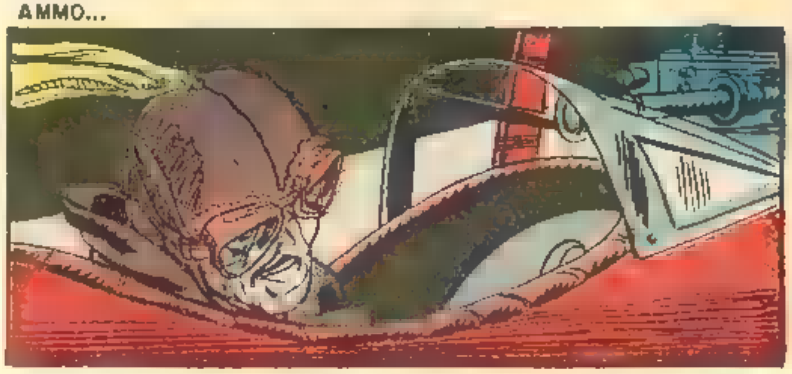
BUT HIS VICTORY WAS AN EMPTY VICTORY. THERE WAS STILL VON RUSTOW...



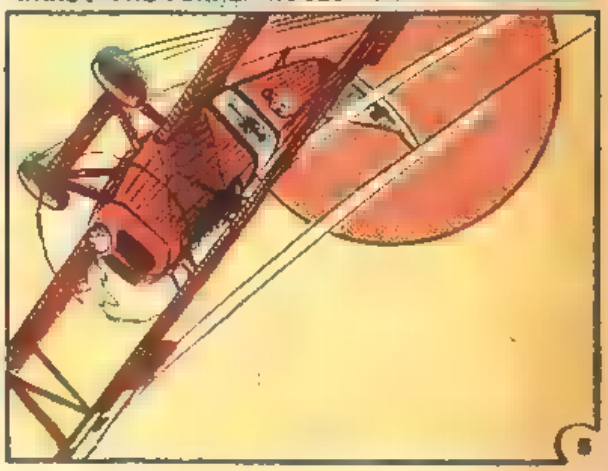
AS THE AMERICAN CURSED AND RE-SWORE HIS BLOOD-OATH OF VENGEANCE, HE WAS UNAWARE THAT FAR ABOVE HIM... HIDING IN THE SUN, LURKED THE OBJECT OF HIS HATE... A RED FOKKER WITH A DEATH'S HEAD INSIGNIA...



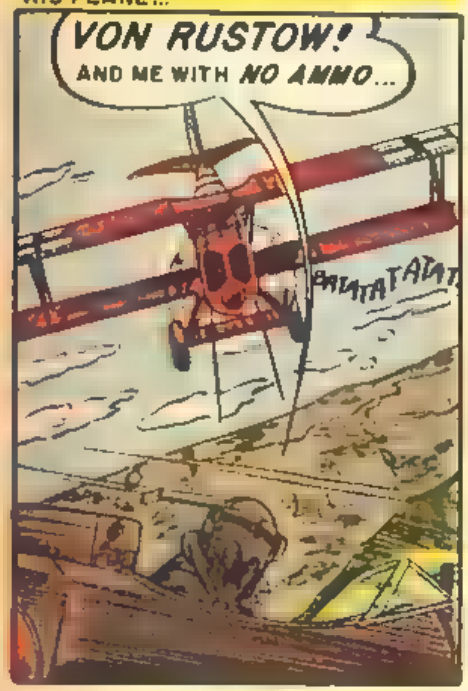
...AND AS ITS CONTROLS... BARON WILHELM VON RUSTOW... THE GERMAN ACE... WITH FORTY-ONE ENEMY PLANES TO HIS CREDIT. A SARDONIC SMILE CROSSED THE BARON'S LIPS. FOR THIS WAS HOW IT WAS DONE! WAIT IN THE SUN AS THE REST OF THE CIRCUS ATTACKED! CATCH THE CRIPPLED... THE HELPLESS THAT REMAINED... THE ENEMY PLANES THAT HAD SPENT THEIR AMMO...



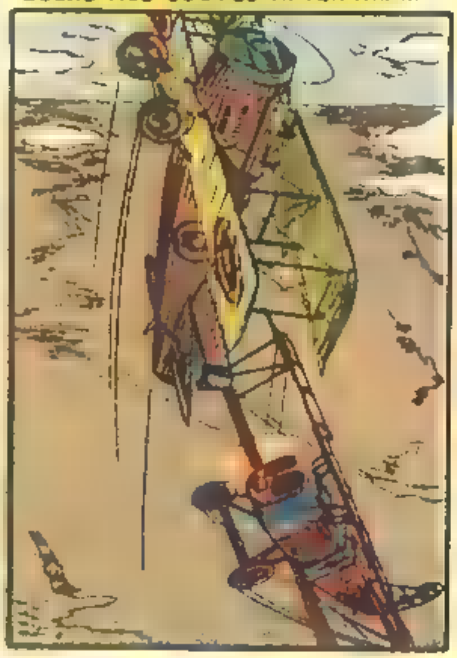
THE BARON'S THUMB CARESSED THE GUN TRIPS ON HIS CONTROL STICK AS HE EASED IT FORWARD. THE FOKKER NOSED DOWN...



BILL LOOKED AROUND WILDLY AS SPANDAU SLUGS RIPPED THROUGH HIS PLANE...

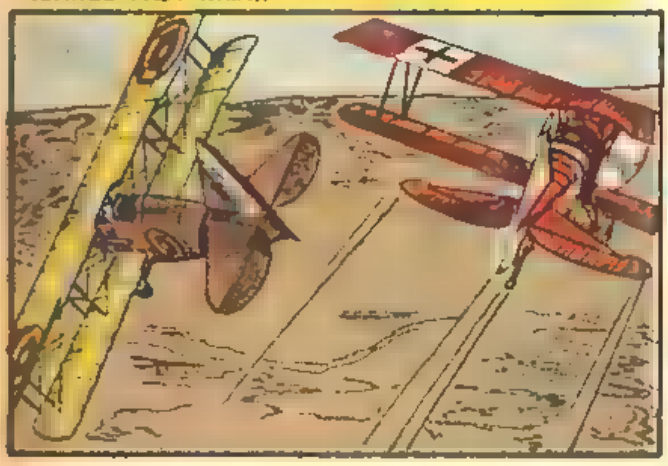


THE AMERICAN KICKED HIS SPAD INTO AN IMMELMANN AS HOT STEEL TORE INTO HIS SHOULDER. THE BOCHE ACE ZOOMED AFTER HIM...



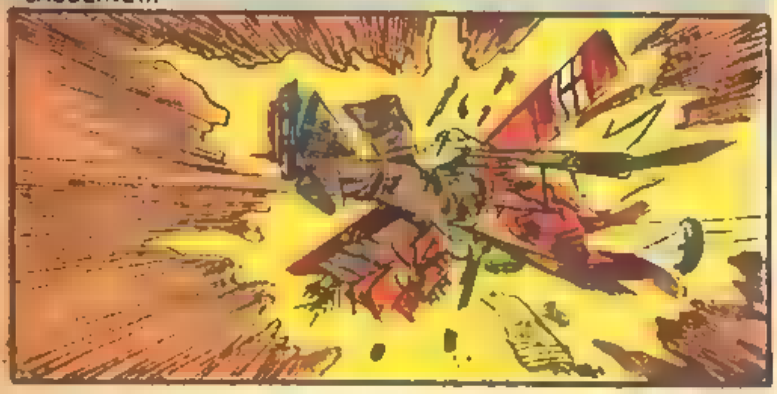
SUDDENLY BILL COULD SEE ELLEN... RUNNING... HELPLESS... THE RED FOKKER SWOOPING LOW... MACHINE GUNS BLAZING. AND THE SEARING PAIN IN HIS SHOULDER WAS NUMBED BY THE SEARING HATE IN HIS HEART AND THE BROILING THOUGHTS OF REVENGE IN HIS BRAIN...

THE AMERICAN YANKED BACK ON HIS THROTTLE AND BANKED SHARPLY... SLOWING SUDDENLY. THE GERMAN ROARED PAST HIM...

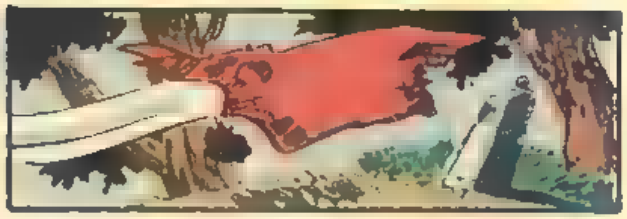


BILL LAGGED BEHIND THE BOCHE ACE NOW, GAUGING THE TEUTON'S MANEUVER. THE GERMAN BANKED WIDELY, EXPECTING THE AMERICAN TO DOG HIS TAIL. INSTEAD, AS HE COMPLETED HIS TURN, HE FOUND HIMSELF HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE ONRUSHING SPAD...

TOO LATE, VON RUSTOW UNDERSTOOD THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE AMERICAN'S TRICK. WITH NO AMMO, THIS WAS THE *ONLY* WAY THE FOOL COULD *DESTROY HIM!* THE SPAD AND THE FOKKER MET HEAD-ON... SPLINTERING INTO A THOUSAND PIECES OF FABRIC AND WOOD AND METAL AND FLAMING GASOLINE...



SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE LINES, IN A QUIET PEACEFUL GLEN WHERE THE FULL-FOLIAGED TREES WERE SILENT SENTRIES GUARDING THOSE WHO SLEPT THE ETERNAL SLEEP, A SCORCHED STRIP OF RED FABRIC FROM A GERMAN PLANE BLEW ACROSS A MILITARY GRAVE MARKED: "ELLEN MACK, LIEUTENANT U.S. ARMY MEDICAL CORPS. KILLED IN ACTION"...



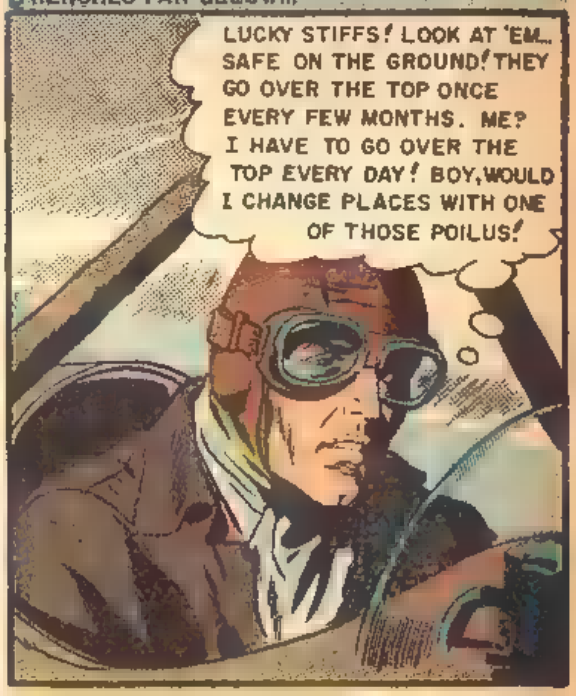
AS CAPTAIN WILLIAM WARREN HAD PROMISED, ELLEN'S DEATH HAD BEEN AVENGED...

— THE END —

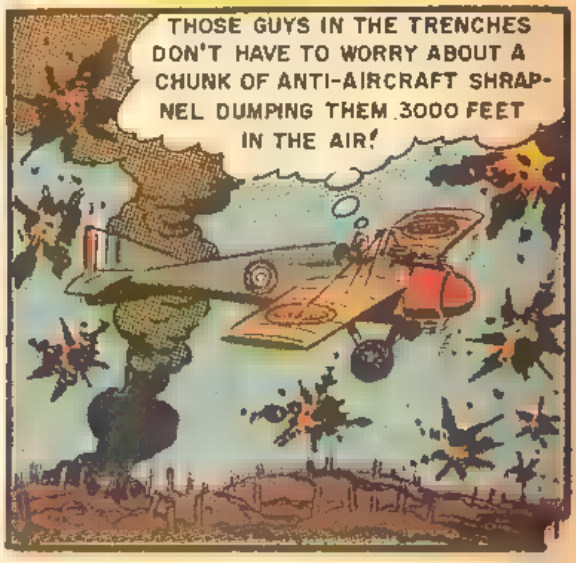
LOCKER 9

PROLOGUE: HE HAD BEEN AN AMERICAN IN PARIS, AND BECAUSE HE'D LOVED PARIS, AND BECAUSE THE DRUMS HAD ROLLED AND THE TRUMPETS HAD CALLED, BURT ROLFE HAD PUT ON THE POILU'S UNIFORM AND MARCHED WITH THE FRENCH AGAINST THE BOCHE. BUT IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, YOUNG ROLFE HAD ONLY ONCE SEEN PARIS AGAIN. INSTEAD, DAILY, HE'D SEEN THE UGLINESS OF WAR. IN THE MUD AND THE SLIME AND THE FILTH AND THE LICE OF THE TRENCHES OF FRANCE, BURT ROLFE SOON FORGOT HIS LOVE FOR PARIS. HE LONGED TO BE FREE...FREE AS A BIRD...

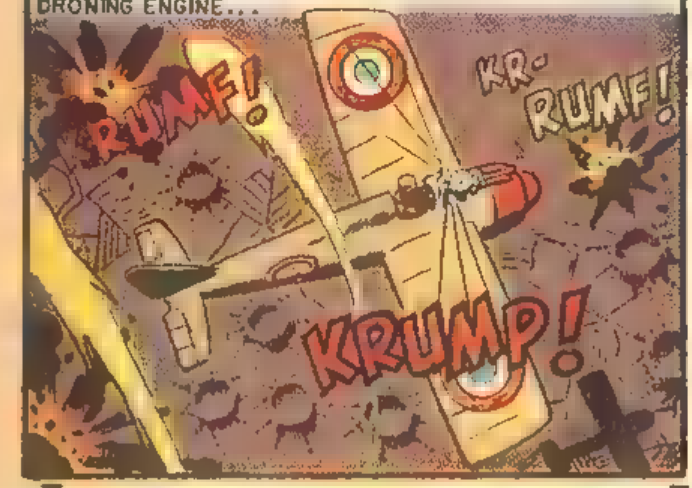
STORY: OVERHEAD, LT. EDDIE BLACKTON KEENED HIS EARS, LISTENING FOR THE SOUND OF ENEMY PLANES OVER THE WEARISOME DRONE OF HIS OWN *MONOSOUPAPE* ENGINE. HE LOOKED AROUND AND THEN DOWN AT THE TRENCHES FAR BELOW...



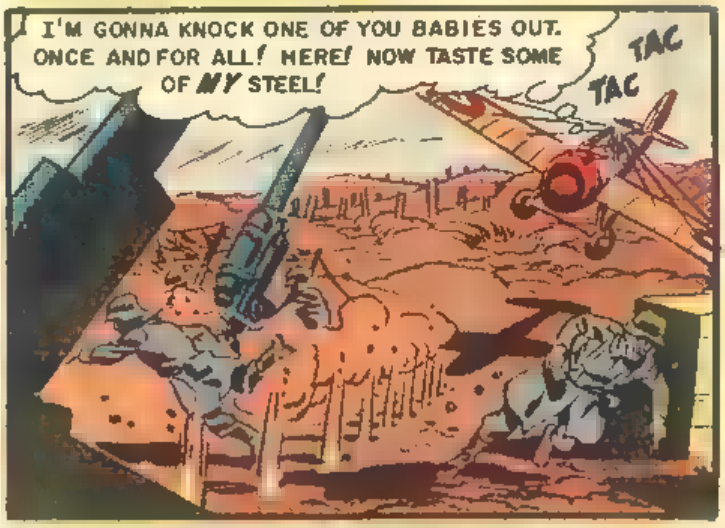
AS LT. BLACKTON CROSSED THE DESOLATION OF NO-MAN'S-LAND INTO GERMAN TERRITORY, HE AND HIS FLIMSY *MORANE* WERE GREETED BY ARCHY'S BLACK PUFFS...



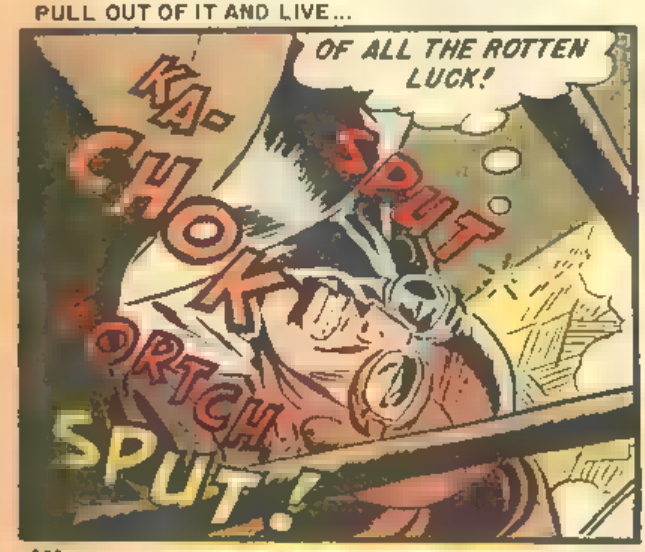
BESIDE THE BURSTING ACK-ACK SHELLS, THE GERMANS SENT UP "FLAMING ONIONS" TOO... BLAZING CHUNKS OF MOLTEN METAL THAT THREATENED TO SET AFIRE THE LINEN FABRIC OF THE *MORANE'S* WINGS... ALL THAT KEPT LT. BLACKTON ALOFT... THOSE, AND HIS DRONING ENGINE...



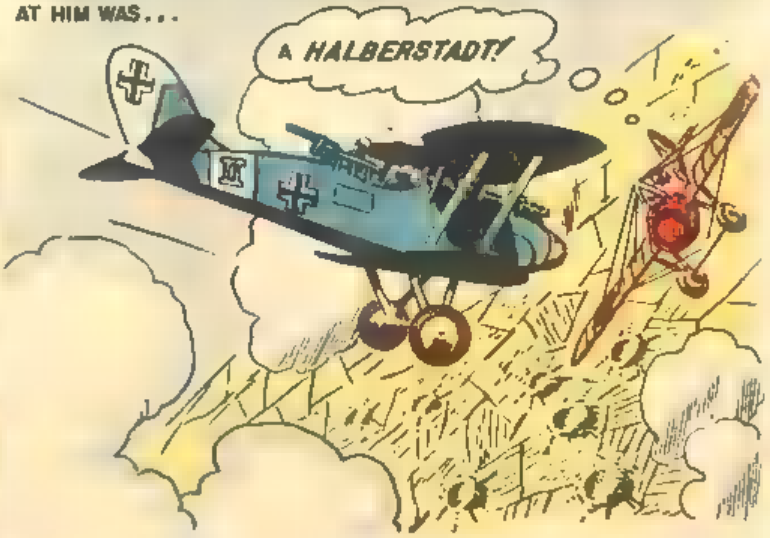
THE BOCHE ARCHY-GUNNERS ANGERED LT. EDDIE BLACKTON SO MANY AGAINST ONE. HE CURSED SOFTLY AND KICKED THE RUDDER PEDALS, PUSHING THE STICK FORWARD, THE *MORANE* NOSED OVER AND DOWNWARD...



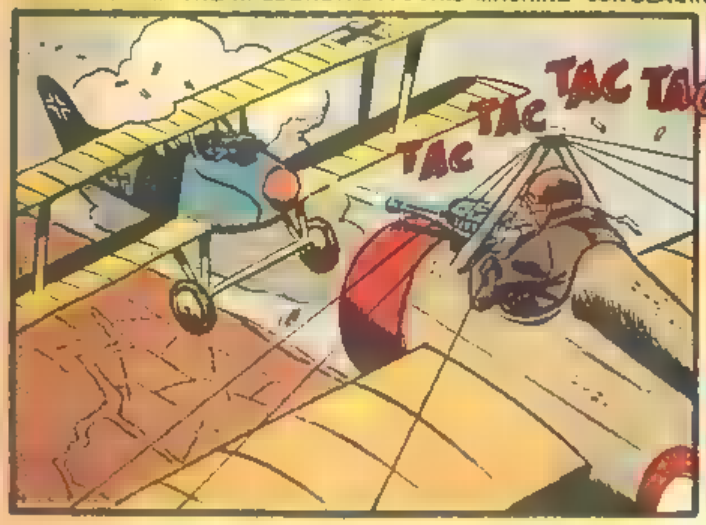
THE AMERICAN HAD JUST STARTED HIS PIQUE, WHEN A CYLINDER WENT DUD, AND THE ENGINE BEGAN TO COUGH AND VIBRATE. HE WAS LUCKY TO BE ABLE TO PULL OUT OF IT AND LIVE...



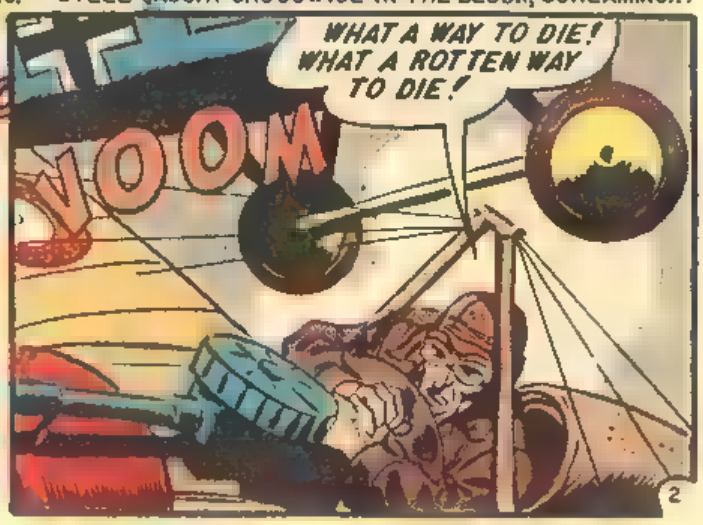
EDDIE KICKED LEFT RUDDER, SWUNG WEST-NORTH-WEST, AND STARTED HIS LONG LIMPING WAY HOME. BUT HE SUDDENLY DISCOVERD THAT HE'D HAVE TO FIGHT HIS WAY, FOR HEADING STRAIGHT AT HIM WAS...



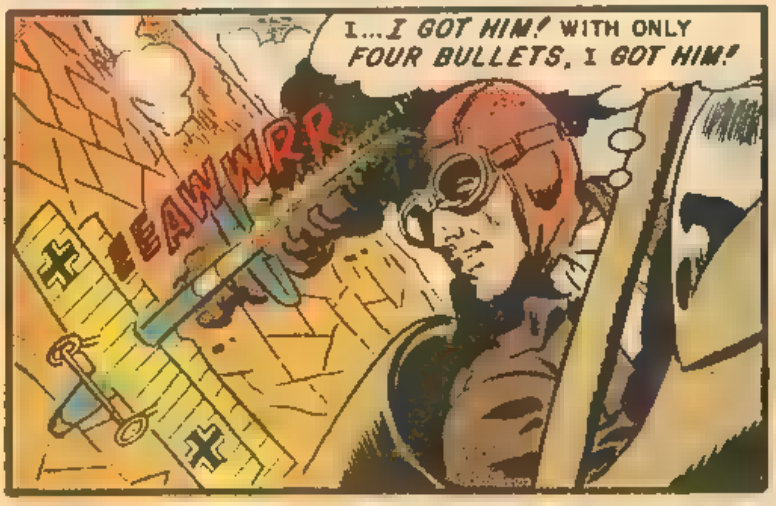
WITH A CYLINDER GONE, THE AMERICAN KNEW THERE WAS NO POSSIBILITY OF OUTMANEUVERING THE BOCHE CRAFT. HIS ONLY CHANCE LAY IN SURPRISE. HE YANKED THE STICK, NOSING RIGHT UP AT THE *HALBERSTADT*... HIS MACHINE-GUN BLAZING.



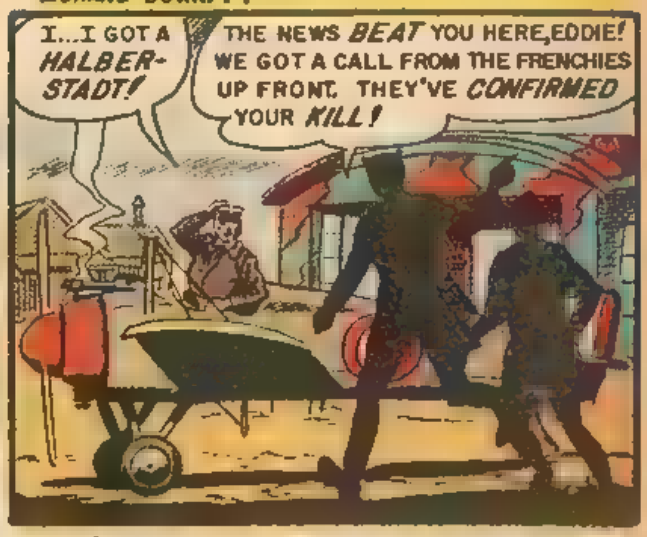
FOUR BULLETS CHATTERED FROM EDDIE'S LEWIS GUN ...THEN... *JAM!* AS THE *HALBERSTADT* ROARED OVERHEAD, HE WORKED FRANTICALLY TO FREE THE CRUSHED STEEL CAUGHT CROSSWISE IN THE BLOCK, SCREAMING...



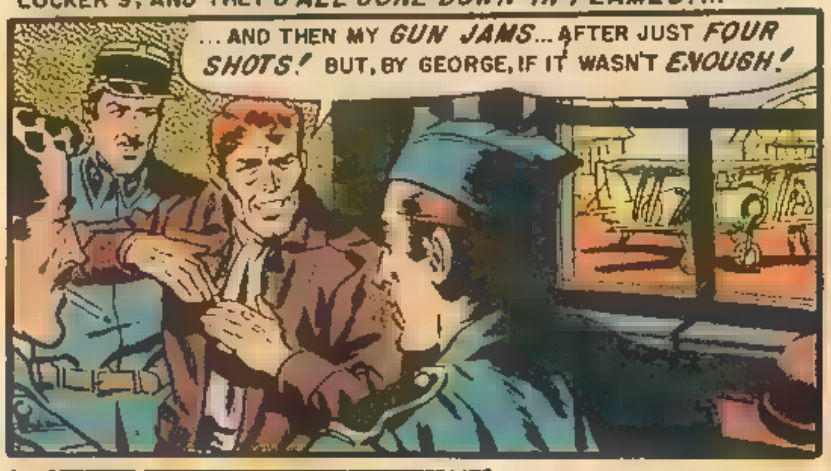
EDDIE WAITED FOR THE *HALBERSTADT* TO CIRCLE BACK. HE WAITED FOR THE SPANDAU SLUGS TO RIP ACROSS HIS FUSELAGE... TEAR INTO HIM. BUT THEY DIDN'T COME. HE SPUN AROUND. THE *HALBERSTADT* WAS SHOOTING EARTHWARD, A FLAMING DART IN THE SKY...



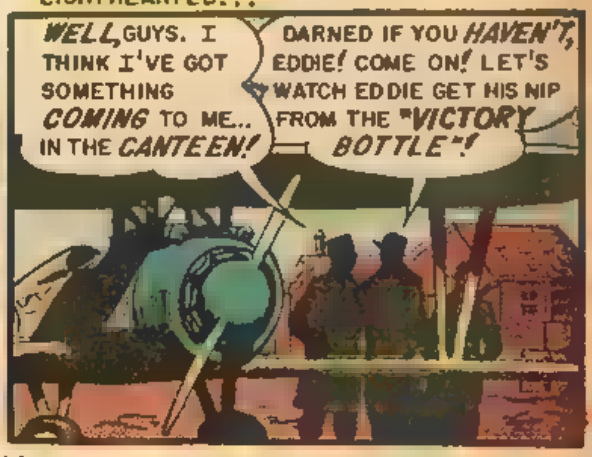
THE OTHER FLIERS OF *THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE* WERE WAITING ON THE AERODROME TO GREET HIM WHEN EDDIE SET HIS CRIPPLED AND GUN-JAMMED *MORANE* DOWN. . .



THE MEN OF THE *ESCADRILLE* ALL CONGRATULATED EDDIE AS THEY ACCOMPANIED HIM TO QUARTERS WHERE HE STUFFED HIS GEAR INTO LOCKER 9. BUT STILL, THE MEN OF THE *ESCADRILLE* ALL KNEW THAT IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF *TIME* BEFORE EDDIE WOULD *GET HIS*, BECAUSE HE HAD LOCKER 9. FIVE MEN *BEFORE* EDDIE HAD HAD LOCKER 9, AND THEY'D *ALL GONE DOWN IN FLAMES!*...



LOCKER 9 WAS JINXED! EVERYBODY KNEW IT. EDDIE'D EVENTUALLY LEARNED OF IT. NOBODY TALKED ABOUT IT. NOBODY WANTED TO. IT WAS ONE OF THOSE CRAZY THINGS. EVEN EDDIE DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE THE SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT IT. HE TRIED TO BE GAY. . . LIGHTHEARTED. . .

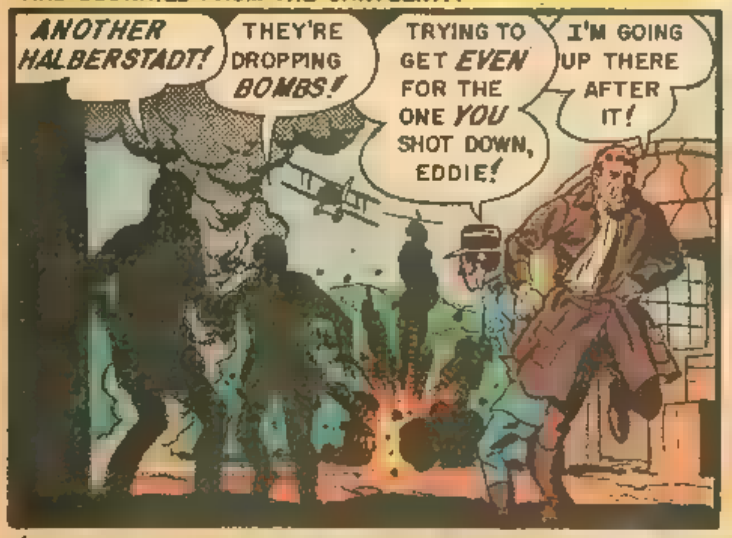


THE "VICTORY BOTTLE"... THAT SPECIAL FLASK OF FINE COGNAC RESERVED FOR MEN WHO HAD SCORED A KILL. THEY ALL JOINED EDDIE AT THE CANTEEN BAR AND GRINNED AS HE PULLED THE CORK...

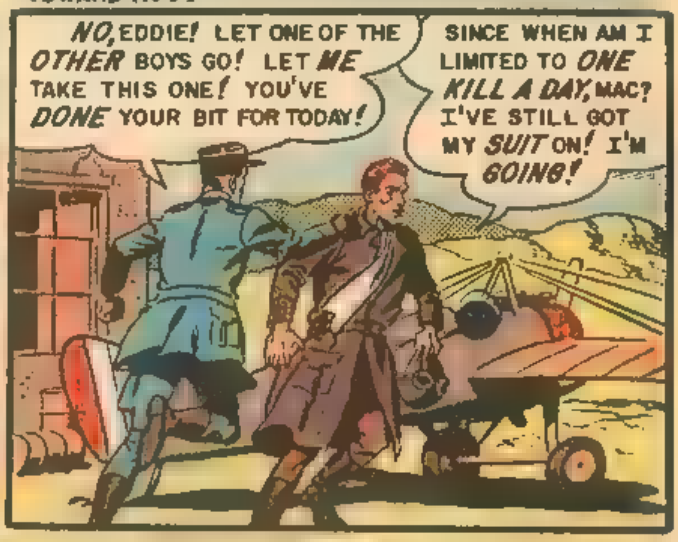
...AND RAISED IT TO HIS LIPS...

...AND WAITED FOR THE COGNAC THAT WOULD NEVER COME. FOR THE "VICTORY BOTTLE" WAS EMPTY. NOT ONE SINGLE DROP WAS LEFT. ALL FELL SILENT AT THIS EVIL OMEN...

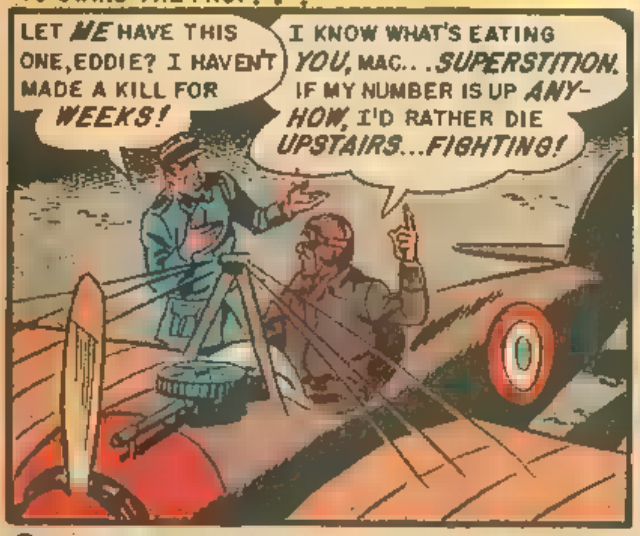
A SHATTERING CRU-U-UMP OUTSIDE ON THE FIELD STIRRED THE MEN INTO ACTION. THEY HEARD THE DISTANT ENGINE AND SCURRIED FROM THE CANTEEN...



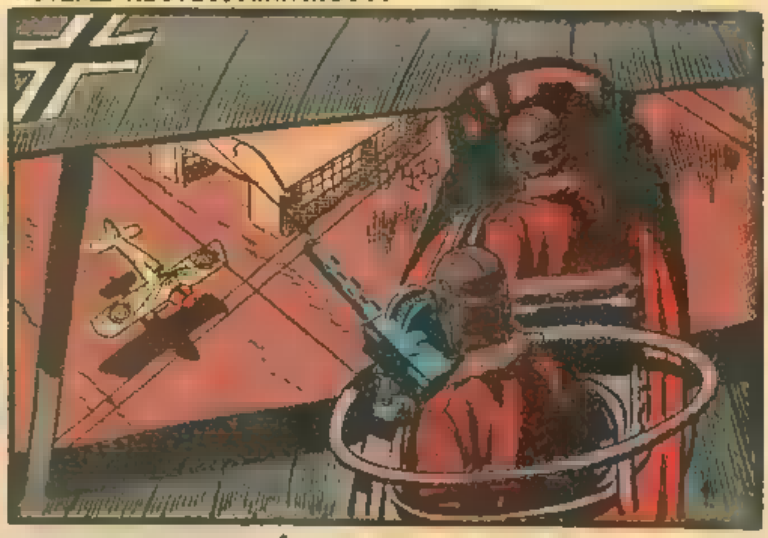
THE GREASEMONKEYS HAD ROLLED OUT A *MORANE* AT THE *HALBERSTADT'S* FIRST PASS. EDDIE SPRINTED TOWARD IT...



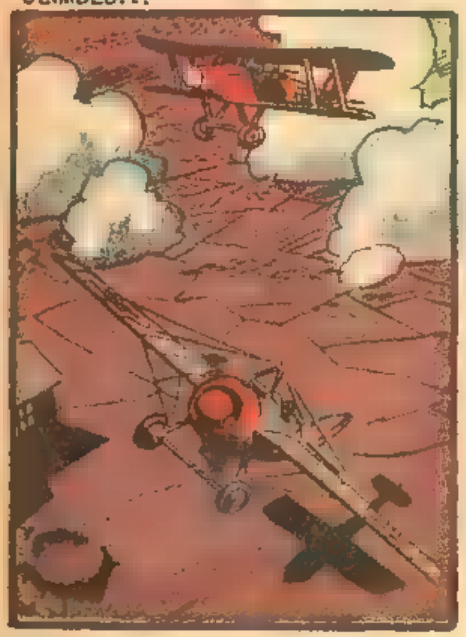
LT. EDDIE BLACKTON SWUNG HIMSELF INTO THE COCKPIT AND SIGNALLED THE GREASEMONKEYS TO SWING THE PROP...



THE HUN *HALBERSTADT* MUST HAVE SEEN THE *MORANE* TAXI DOWN THE FIELD INTO THE WIND...YET, DEFIANTLY, THE ENEMY HOVERED ABOVE...WAITING...

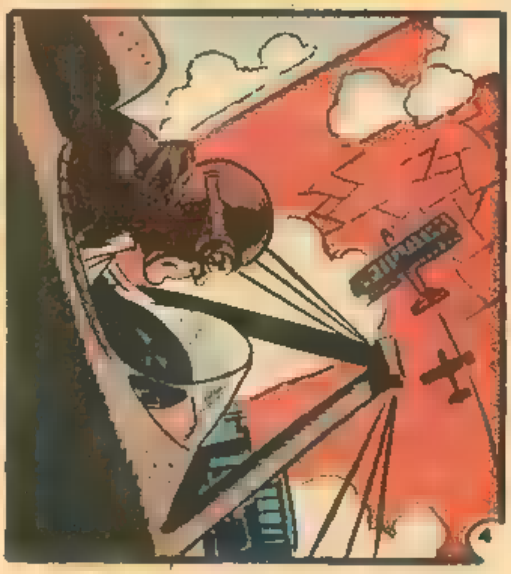


IT WAITED, WHILE LT. BLACKTON CLIMBED...

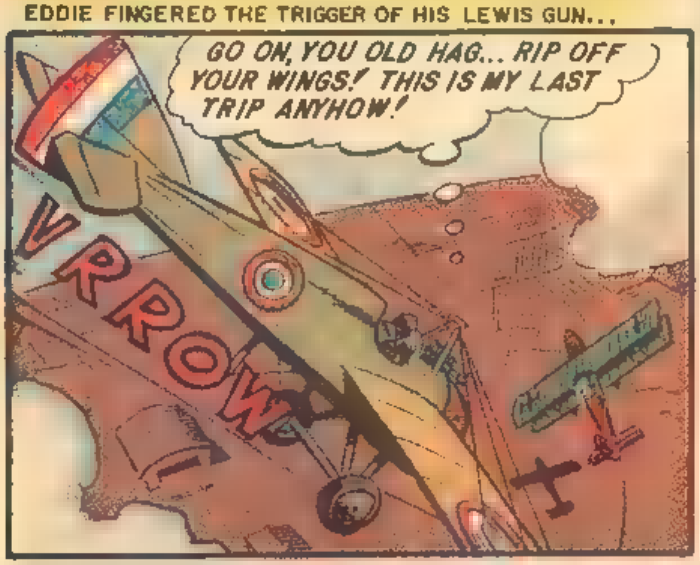


...CLIMBED HIGH OVER THE BOCHE PLANE...

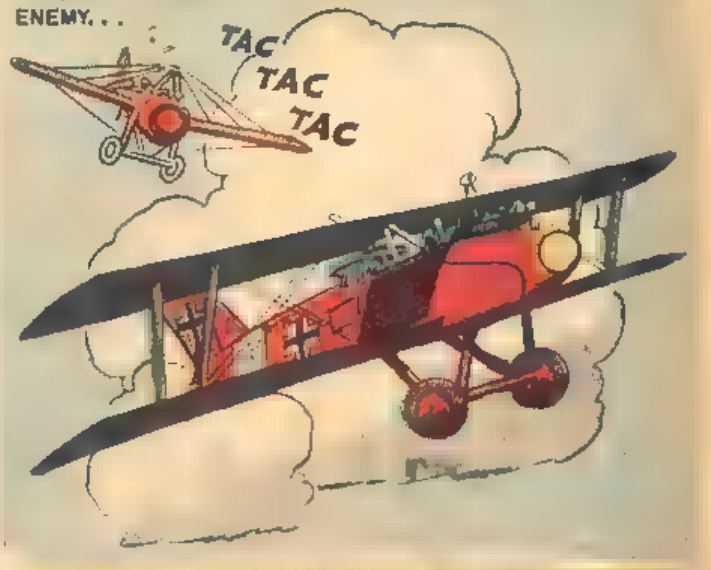
AND THEN, FIFTEEN HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE TWO-SEATER *HALBERSTADT*, EDDIE GRITTED HIS TEETH AND SHOVED THE STICK FORWARD...



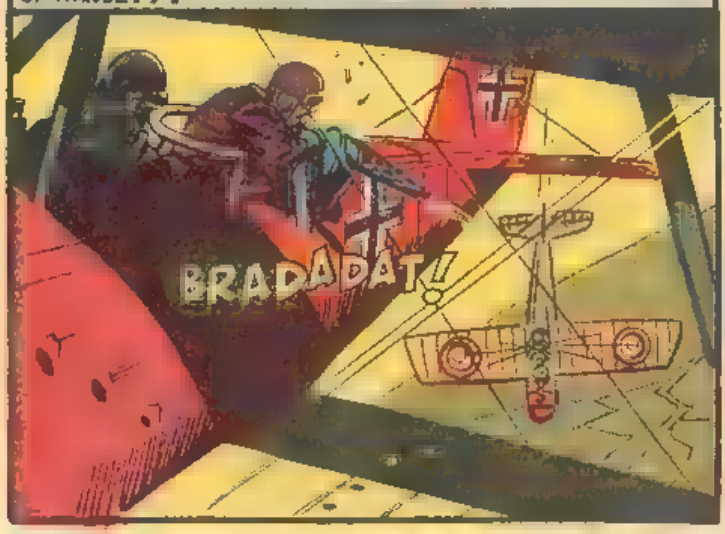
DOWN WENT THE *MORANE*... DOWN... DOWN... THE WIND SCREAMING THROUGH HER STRAINING STRUT-WIRES. EDDIE FINGERED THE TRIGGER OF HIS LEWIS GUN...



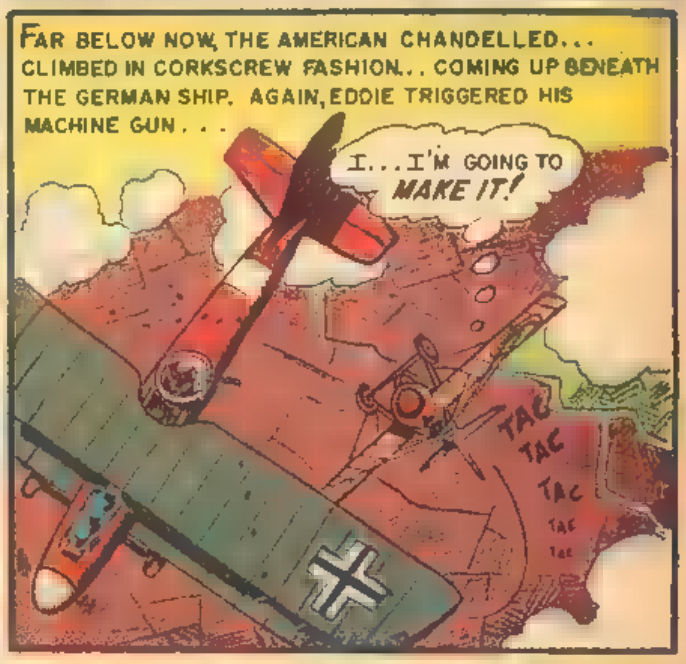
A BARE TWO HUNDRED FEET FROM THE *HALBERSTADT'S* TAIL, EDDIE SENT A LINE OF BLAZING TRACERS AT THE ENEMY...



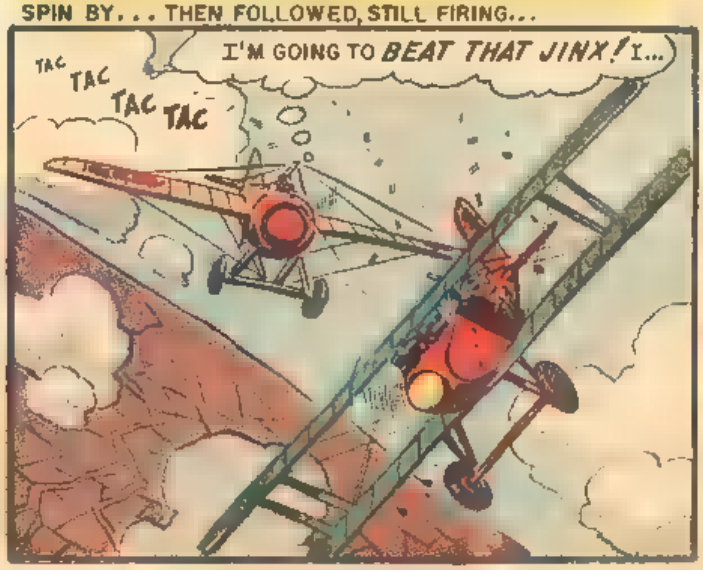
RIDDLED, BUT UNHURT, THE *HALBERSTADT* ZOOMED... LET THE *MORANE* SLIDE BY BENEATH. THE VENGENCE-BENT OBSERVER BLASTED AT LT. BLACKTON UNTIL HE WAS OUT OF RANGE...



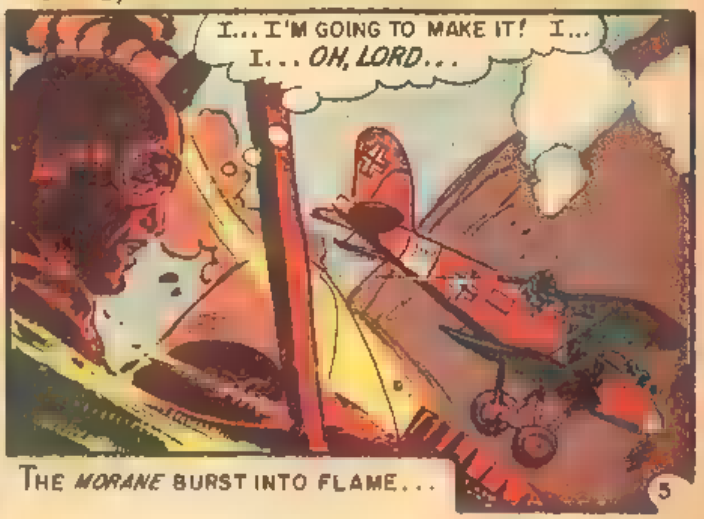
FAR BELOW NOW, THE AMERICAN CHANDELLED... CLIMBED IN CORKSCREW FASHION... COMING UP BENEATH THE GERMAN SHIP. AGAIN, EDDIE TRIGGERED HIS MACHINE GUN...



THE *HALBERSTADT* SIDE-SLIPPED, THEN WENT INTO A VRILLE. EDDIE, SUSPECTING A RUSE, LET THE FALLING BOCHE SPIN BY... THEN FOLLOWED, STILL FIRING...

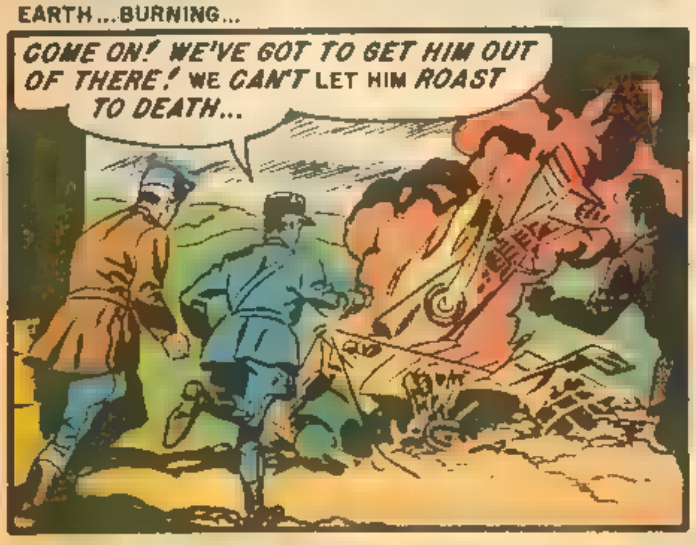


THE HUN PILOT WAS DEAD... BUT NOT HIS OBSERVER. THE *HALBERSTADT'S* REAR GUNNER MADE A DEATH TRY AS THE *MORANE* DOGGED HIS TAIL. HE SENT A FINAL, DESPERATE, WITHERING STREAM OF LEAD AT EDDIE'S SHIP...



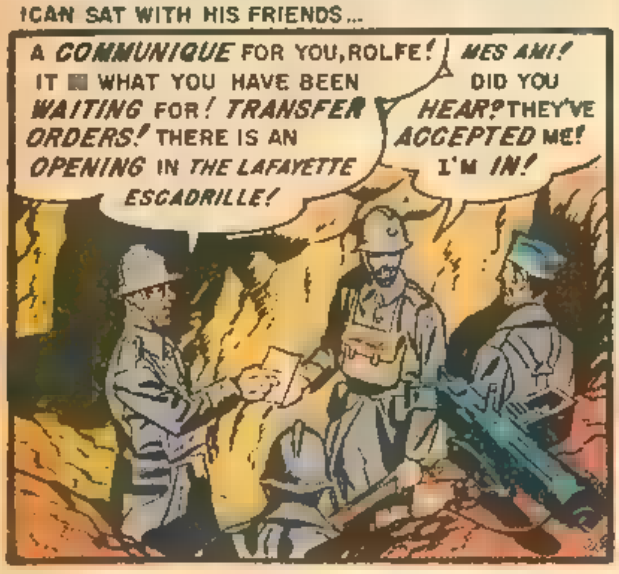
THE *MORANE* BURST INTO FLAME...

THEY WATCHED WITH HORROR, THE MEN OF *THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE*. THEY WATCHED THE *HALBERSTADT* CRASH. THEY WATCHED THE *MORANE* FOLLOW...SMASHING TO EARTH...BURNING...



SOMEHOW, THEY GOT EDDIE OUT OF HIS WRECKED AND BURNING SHIP. MIRACULOUSLY HE WAS STILL ALIVE...

PROLOGUE: THE SERGEANT SLOSHED DOWN THE SANDBAG-LINED TRENCH TO WHERE THE AMERICAN SAT WITH HIS FRIENDS...



THE OTHER PIOLUS GATHERED AROUND BURT ROLFE, THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER, AND POUNDED HIS BACK AND SHOOK HIS HAND GLEEFULLY...

WITHIN A WEEK, BURT ROLFE JOINED HIS FELLOW AMERICANS OF THE FAMOUS LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE...

THEY TOOK BURT INTO QUARTERS AND SHOWED HIM WHERE TO STOW HIS GEAR. EVEN THOUGH THE JINX HAD BEEN BROKEN, HIS NEW FRIENDS STILL APOLOGIZED AS THEY SHOWED HIM HIS LOCKER...

THE END

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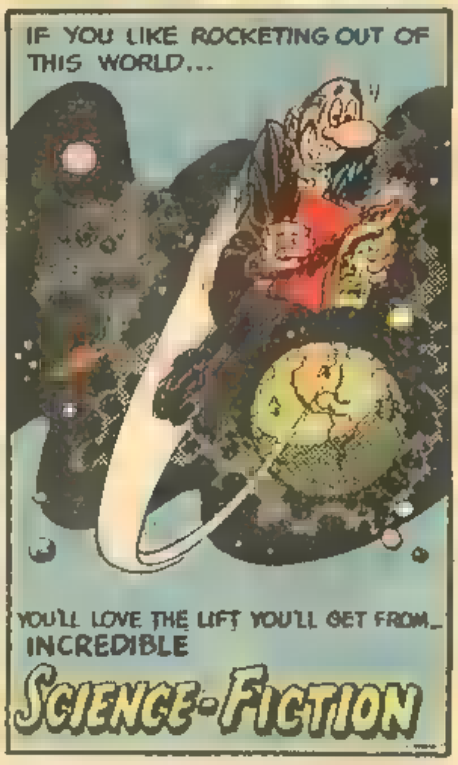

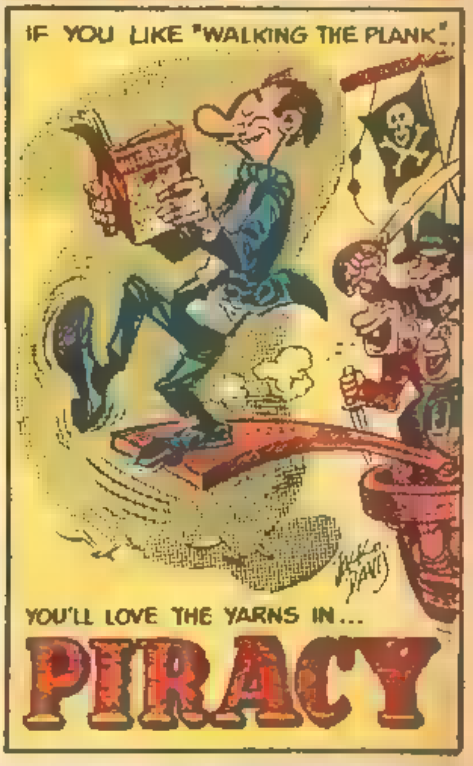

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LAUGHING WARRIOR

A gray haired man stood by a newspaper kiosk near the Place de l'Opera in Paris on the morning of September 12, 1917. As he opened his favorite paper, the black headline across the front page struck him like a blow. He looked up from the paper into the eyes of the newsdealer. Both men could not control their tears and wept unashamedly. They were not the only ones. The news spread quickly throughout Paris, and, from Clichy to Bois Vincennes, people wept at what they read. They shed their tears for a twenty-three year old flier named Georges Guynemer who met his death in an air battle over Poelcapelle in the afternoon of September 11th.

The Parisians mourned him because he was one of their own—a native of Paris, who knew and loved the crooked streets, the wide boulevards. As a lad, Guynemer had savored Paris to its limit. Paris was part of him. He was part of Paris. Handsome, charming and filled with the zest of life, Georges Guynemer came from a well-to-do family. There was little in his early life to indicate that someday, this boy, born on Christmas Eve, 1894, would become the greatest of all French war heroes, and would win the adulation of an entire nation.

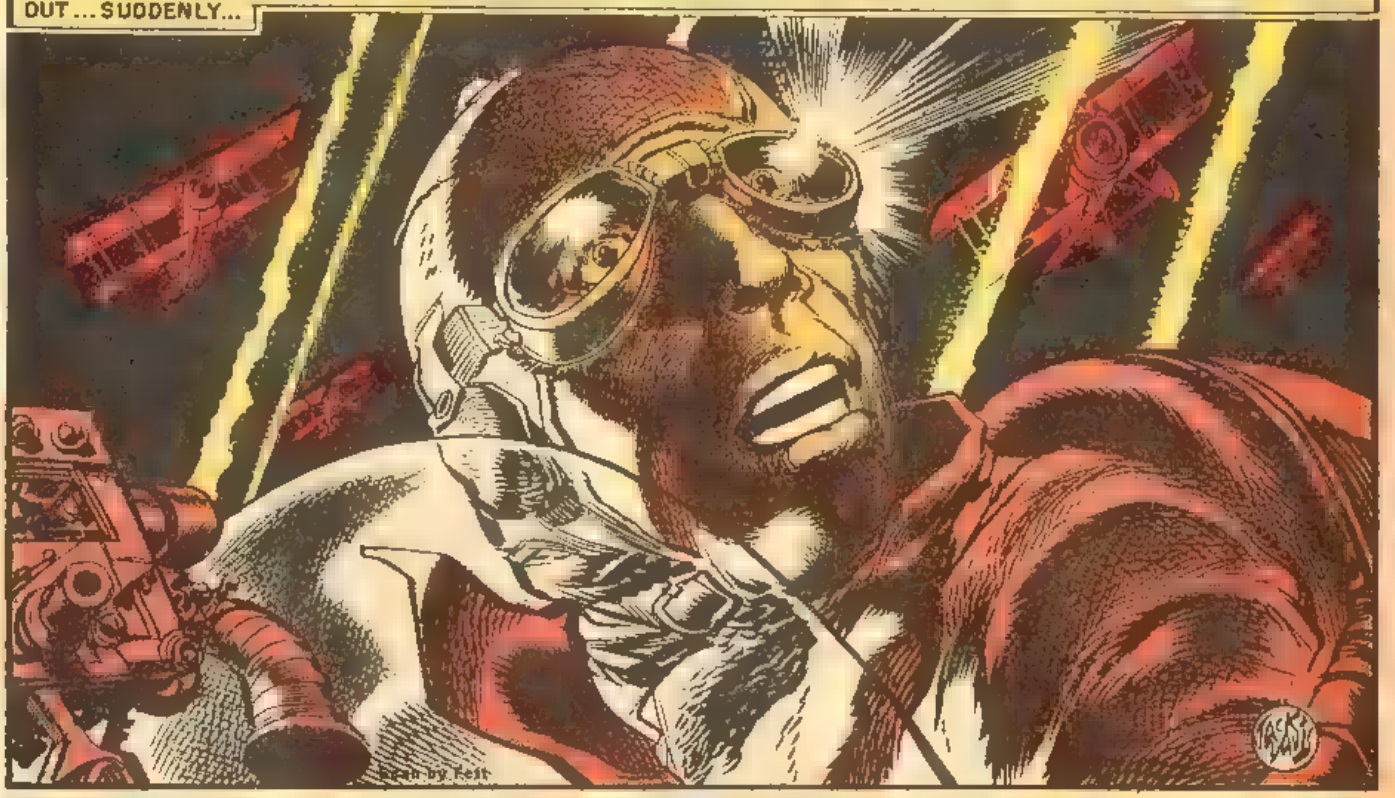
Georges led a typically middle-class life. He was a good athlete, excelling in fencing and tennis. He had all the social graces and was being trained to enter his father's prospering textile business, when a student in far-off Servia shot the Arch Duke of Austria and caused the first World War.

Georges went to the front with his regiment and fought in most of the early battles an an infantry sergeant. But trenches and mud were not for him. He volunteered for the air service and was accepted. Late in 1915, he joined the famous Stork Squadron where he piloted a speedy Nieuport Chaser plane. Before long, it grew obvious that Guynemer was a flier of unusual merit. He was a fearless, but not reckless combat pilot. An avid student of aerial tactics, it was Guynemer who first realized that every plane has a "blind spot." Carefully studying the types of aircraft used by the Germans, Guynemer learned where the vulnerable places were located and attacked his foes in those areas. The success of his strategy was apparent in the total of enemy planes he downed in single-handed combat—fifty-three.

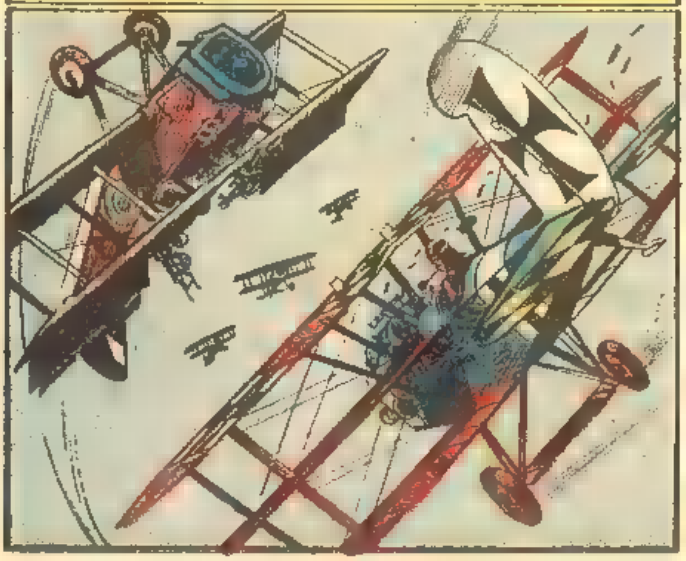
Guynemer captured the imagination of the French public as no other hero could. He symbolized the best in France, with his dashing good looks, his infectious smile and his boldness. In fact, Guynemer has become the prototype for the hero in certain types of fiction and movies. He had an odd quirk in his personality —a deep, moody introspection. When this took hold of him, Guynemer was convinced that he would not survive the war. He once told a comrade that he would never reach his twenty third birthday. His gloomy prediction came true. He was shot down attacking a flight of four Germans over Poelcapelle three months before his birthday. A lucky burst from some unknown enemy gunner struck Guynemer and the laughing warrior died even before his plane crashed . . . France's greatest ace.

FOOTNOTE

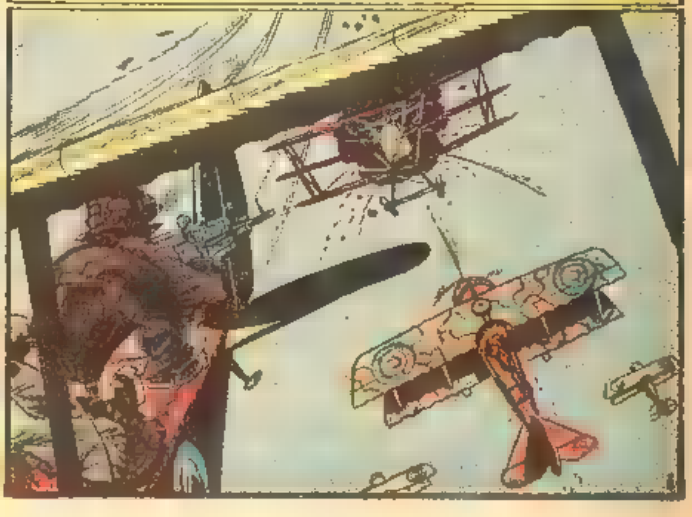
YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT THE JOB AHEAD OF YOU WHEN THE FOKKER TRI-PLANES DROP OUT OF THE SUN, AND SO YOU'RE NOT AWARE OF THE THREE DRAGONFLIES DARTING DOWN ON YOU WITH DEATH IN THEIR STINGS. YOUR DESTINATION IS JUST BELOW, AND YOU WONDER IDLY WHY THE SPADS ARE RISING TO MEET YOU. THEN YOU FIND OUT ... SUDDENLY...



YOU ACT INSTINCTIVELY. YOUR IMMELMANN SNAPS YOU UP AND BACK, OUT OF THE FOKKER'S SIGHTS...



AND THEN, THE SPADS ARE THERE. YOU SEE THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT WITH THE SILK STOCKING STREAMING FROM HIS HELMET, POURING A DEADLY LINE OF TRACERS INTO THE BELLY OF THE FOKKER ON YOUR TAIL...



YOU SEE THE FOKKER MUSHROOM INTO A BLACK PUFF OF SMOKE AND SCREAM EARTHWARD. YOU SEE THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT GRIN AND THUMB HIS NOSE AT IT...

YOU WATCH AS THE OTHER TWO BOCHE TRI-PLANES TURN TAIL AND RUN. YOU BANK, CUT BACK THE THROTTLE, AND GLIDE IN FOR A LANDING. YOU SET YOUR SHIP DOWN ON THE TARMAC AND WAIT. THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT WITH THE SILK STOCKING IS THE FIRST TO COME DOWN AFTER YOU. HE PANCAKES IN SLOPPILY AND CLIMBS FROM HIS COCKPIT...

HI! YOU MUST BE *MAJOR TROUT*, THE *NEW C.O.!* MY NAME'S *LAWSON*...

DO YOU *ALWAYS* FLY YOUR *PAJAMAS*, LIEUTENANT?

THE OTHERS HAVE COME UP BEHIND THE LIEUTENANT IN THE FLYING JACKET AND PAJAMAS. THEY STAND THERE...LISTENING...STARING...

WHY...WHY, *NO*, SIR! NOT *ALWAYS*, SIR! I WAS IN THE READY ROOM, *RELAXING*... AND *YOU* WERE IN *TROUBLE*...

NOTHING I COULDN'T *HANDLE!* CASUALTIES AT THIS 'DROME HAVE BEEN *HIGH*... *TOO HIGH!*

NOW, I BEGIN TO SEE *WHY! CARELESSNESS AND SLIPSHOD DISCIPLINE!*

BUT ALL THAT WILL *CHANGE!* THAT'S WHY I'M *HERE!* YOU WILL INTRODUCE YOURSELVES TO ME IN EXACTLY *ONE HOUR*... MY QUARTERS... IN *PROPER UNIFORM!*

YOU! MECHANIC! GET THOSE *PARTS* OFF THE GROUND! WE HAVE *TARPS* FOR THAT PURPOSE! AND *CLEAN YOURSELF UP!* THIS ISN'T A *MINSTREL SHOW!*

Y-YES SIR!

YOU GO TO WORK AT ONCE. YOU'VE GOT A JOB TO DO... AND YOU DO IT. THE PILOTS REPORT TO YOU IN AN HOUR IN PROPER UNIFORM. LATER, YOU WATCH THE EVENING PATROL TAKE OFF...

SLOPPY! POST A NOTICE, SERGEANT! THERE WILL BE *FORMATION FLIGHT DRILL* AT 1000 HOURS TOMORROW! *ALL PILOTS!*

THE MEN DON'T LIKE IT. THEY DON'T LIKE YOU. YOU KNOW IT. BUT THEY'VE GOT TO LEARN. THEY MUST. SO YOU WORK ON THEM...

PRACTICE! DISCIPLINE! ALERTNESS! BAH! *HE* WASN'T SO ALERT WHEN THOSE THREE JERRIES JUMPED HIM...

YOU TURN FROM THE TARGET AS YOU OVERHEAR...

YEAH! HE'S A REAL EXPERT AT CHEWING OUT THE GREASE-MONKEYS AND ORGANIZING TARGET DRILLS...BUT I WONDER HOW GOOD HE'D BE AT TANGLING WITH A *BOCHE* IN...

LIEUTENANT!

S-SIR!?

THOSE TRI-PLANES *COULDN'T* HAVE JUMPED ME IF YOU PILOTS HAD SPOTTED THEM *SOONER!* AS TO MY *ABILITIES*, SEE THAT MY SHIP IS ON THE TARMAC IN THE MORNING. I INTEND TO FLY WITH THE PATROL!

AT DAWN, YOU'RE ON THE FLIGHT LINE. THINGS HAVE CHANGED. THE MECHANICS MOVE QUICKLY...EFFICIENTLY. BUT EVEN SO, YOU EXAMINE YOUR SHIP PAINSTAKINGLY...

THE OTHERS SMILE, BUT YOU IGNORE THEM. THE PATROL LIFTS INTO THE DAWN SKY, AND YOU KNOW THAT THEY'RE WATCHING TO SEE IF YOU'RE A REAL FLYER OR JUST A PETTY TYRANT. WHEN THE FLIGHT OF D7 FOKKERS APPEARS BELOW, YOU'RE READY TO SHOW THEM. YOU SHOVE YOUR STICK FORWARD...

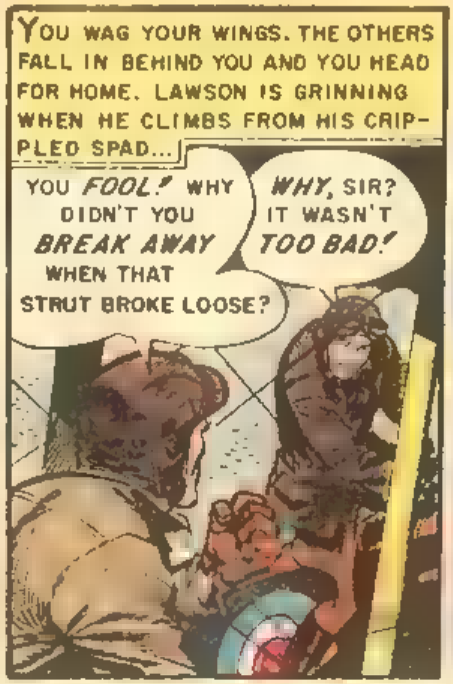
YOUR MEN FOLLOW YOU DOWN, THE WIND SHRIEKING THROUGH THEIR STRUT WIRES. AS YOU COME WITHIN RANGE OF THE NOW-SCATTERING HUNS, YOU TRIGGER YOUR TWIN VICKERS...

THE JERRY D7 IN YOUR SIGHTS SHUDDERS AND BEGINS TO SPIT FLAME FROM ITS COWL. THE OTHERS ARE IN NOW, FIRING, DIVING, ZOOMING. IT'S A MAD SCRAMBLE. THEY FLY LIKE MANIACS, THESE MEN OF YOURS. THEY THROW THEIR SHIPS AROUND LIKE TOYS...AND LAUGH AS THEY FIGHT...

YAAHOOOO!

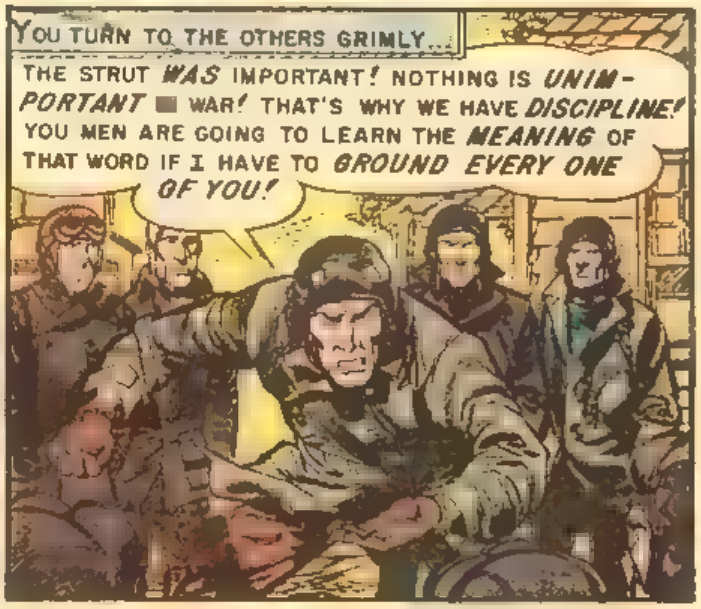
A SCREAMING POWER DIVE TEARS LOOSE A STRUT ON YOUNG LT. LAWSON'S SHIP. AND YOU AREN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO SEES IT. THE BOCHE CLOSES ON HIM, GUNS SPITTING. LAWSON IGNORES THE WAVING STRUT. BUT ONE MORE DIVE MAY BUCKLE HIS WING! YOU'VE GOT TO ACT...

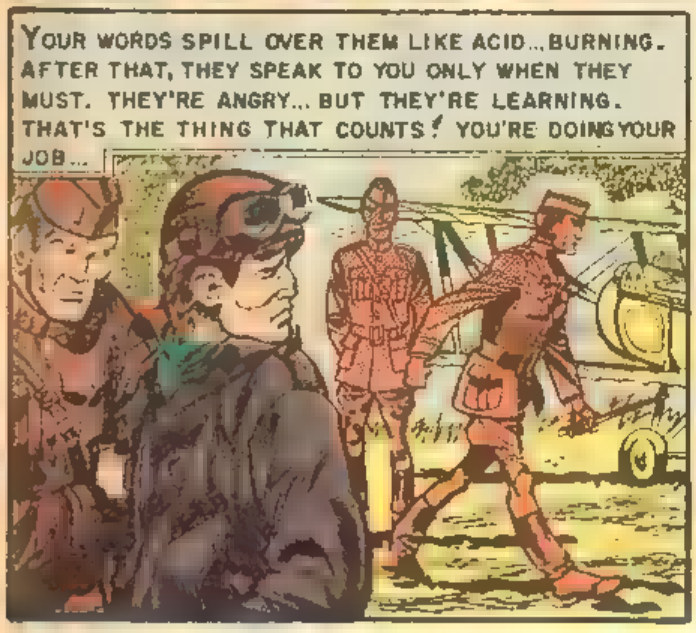
THE D7 FLARES UP LIKE A FIERY TORCH AND PLUMMETS EARTHWARD. THE REST RUN...

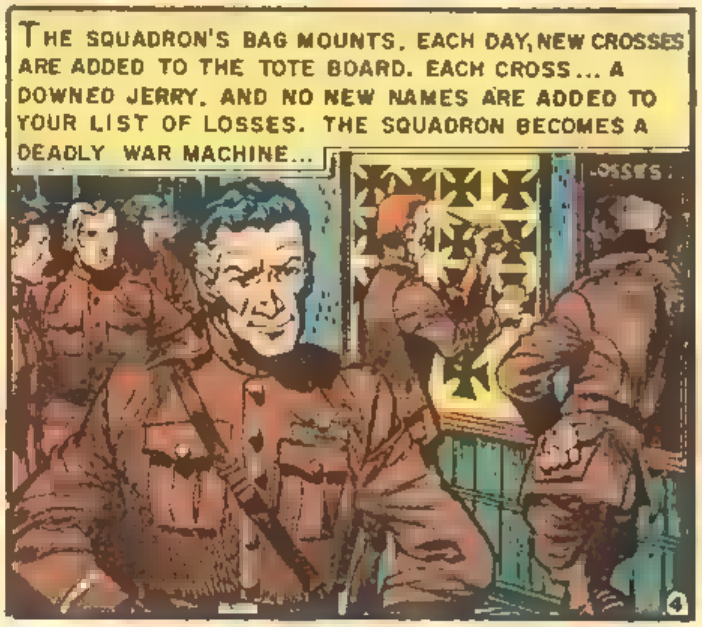

YOU WAG YOUR WINGS. THE OTHERS FALL IN BEHIND YOU AND YOU HEAD FOR HOME. LAWSON IS GRINNING WHEN HE CLIMBS FROM HIS CRIPPLED SPAD...
YOU FOOL! WHY DIDN'T YOU BREAK AWAY WHEN THAT STRUT BROKE LOOSE?
WHY, SIR? IT WASN'T TOO BAD!

AND I KNEW ONE OF OUR GANG WOULD COVER ME IF I GOT INTO TROUBLE!
SOMEONE DID! I COVERED YOU! AND SUPPOSE I'D GOTTEN BLASTED OUT OF THE AIR DOING IT? YOU KNOW MY ORDERS, LIEUTENANT! NO UNNECCESSARY CHANCES!

OF COURSE, SIR! BUT, I...I'D HAVE DONE THE SAME FOR YOU! IF ONE OF US HAD GOTTEN IT... WELL... THAT'S THE LUCK OF THE GAME! THE STRUT WASN'T IMPORTANT!
LUCK!? THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS LUCK IN THIS GAME, LAWSON! WAR IS FOR KEEPS... AND THE STAKES ARE HIGH!


YOU TURN TO THE OTHERS GRIMLY...
THE STRUT WAS IMPORTANT! NOTHING IS UNIMPORTANT IN WAR! THAT'S WHY WE HAVE DISCIPLINE! YOU MEN ARE GOING TO LEARN THE MEANING OF THAT WORD IF I HAVE TO GROUND EVERY ONE OF YOU!


YOUR WORDS SPILL OVER THEM LIKE ACID... BURNING. AFTER THAT, THEY SPEAK TO YOU ONLY WHEN THEY MUST. THEY'RE ANGRY... BUT THEY'RE LEARNING. THAT'S THE THING THAT COUNTS! YOU'RE DOING YOUR JOB...


THE SQUADRON'S BAG MOUNTS. EACH DAY, NEW CROSSES ARE ADDED TO THE TOTE BOARD. EACH CROSS... A DOWNED JERRY. AND NO NEW NAMES ARE ADDED TO YOUR LIST OF LOSSES. THE SQUADRON BECOMES A DEADLY WAR MACHINE...
LOSSES

BUT, ALTHOUGH YOU NOW COMMAND A SMOOTH, ALMOST FLAWLESS FIGHTING MACHINE, YOUR JOB IS ONLY HALF DONE. THE MACHINE MUST BE *KEPT* FLAWLESS. THE MEN STILL DESPISE YOU. YOU'VE GOT ONE MORE BATTLE TO WIN. SO YOU CALL THEM ALL IN ONE EVENING...

YOU...YOU ASKED US IN TO TELL US A *STORY*, SIR? A...A *STORY?*

THAT *SURPRISES* YOU, EH? YOU CONSIDER ME NOT QUITE *HUMAN* AND *ABOVE* THAT SORT OF THING? YES, GENTLEMEN, I WANT TO TELL YOU A STORY! BE AT EASE. SIT DOWN...

THEY GRUMBLE, BUT THEY MAKE THEMSELVES COMFORTABLE. YOU LOOK AROUND AND THEN YOU BEGIN...

MY STORY CONCERNS A FLIER. WE'LL CALL HIM SMITH. SMITH WAS A LIEUTENANT WHEN THIS HAPPENED...A MAN VERY MUCH LIKE YOURSELVES. SMITH, TOO, GOT QUITE A THRILL OUT OF WAR...

"BUT SMITH, TOO, WAS WILD AND RECKLESS. HE WAS AFRAID OF NOTHING. PERHAPS THAT WAS WHY HE WAS CHOSEN FOR A PARTICULAR MISSION..."

ANY QUES-TIONS, LIEU-TENANT?

NONE, SIR! IT LOOKS EASY ENOUGH. I FIND THE HUN AMMO DUMP... DROP MY EGGS... AND THAT'S ALL. SIMPLE.

IT MAY *SEEM* SIMPLE, SMITH... BUT IT'S *IMPORTANT!* THAT DUMP SUPPLIES JERRY'S *FRONT LINE TROOPS*... AND THOSE TROOPS ARE PREPARING TO *ATTACK!*

SO WE BLOW UP THEIR AMMO AND STYMIE THEIR PUSH, EH? NOTHING TO IT, MAJOR! IT'LL BE A JOY RIDE!

I... I HOPE SO, SMITH. YOU'LL BE ON YOUR OWN. A SINGLE SHIP WILL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE. GOOD LUCK. ER... YOU HAVE THREE HOURS. I SUGGEST YOU SPEND IT CHECKING YOUR SHIP!

YES, SIR!

"BUT SMITH, LIKE YOU, WAS UNDISCIPLINED. HE NEVER DID CHECK HIS SHIP. HE HAD OTHER IDEAS. AFTER ALL... THERE WAS THE VILLAGE... THE CAFE... AND THE FRENCH WOMEN."

SIR, HADN'T WE BETTER GET *STARTED?* IT'S ALMOST TIME!

AT EASE, SERGEANT! AT EASE! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M *BUSY?*

"SMITH HAD HIMSELF A TIME. WHEN HE FINALLY RETURNED TO HIS 'DROME, THERE WERE ONLY A FEW SECONDS LEFT FOR HIM AND HIS GUNNER TO SNATCH THEIR GEAR..."

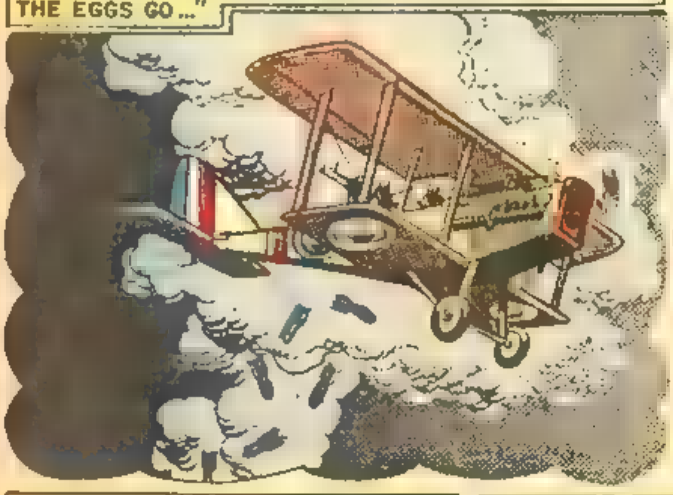
HOLD IT, SIR! THIS *COTTER-PIN* IS LOOSE!

NO TIME! FORGET IT! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

BUT, LIEUTENANT...

I'LL GIVE YOUR LOVE TO THE KAISER, BOYS! SWITCH ON! *CONTACT!*

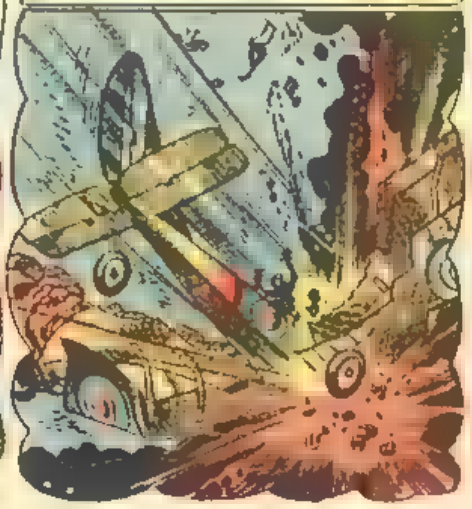
"SMITH NEVER GAVE THAT COTTER-PIN A SECOND THOUGHT. HE LIFTED HIS DE H-9 LIKE A FEATHER... AND IN HALF AN HOUR, HE WAS OVER HIS TARGET. HE CAME IN LOW AND HIS BOMBARDIER-GUNNER LET THE EGGS GO..."

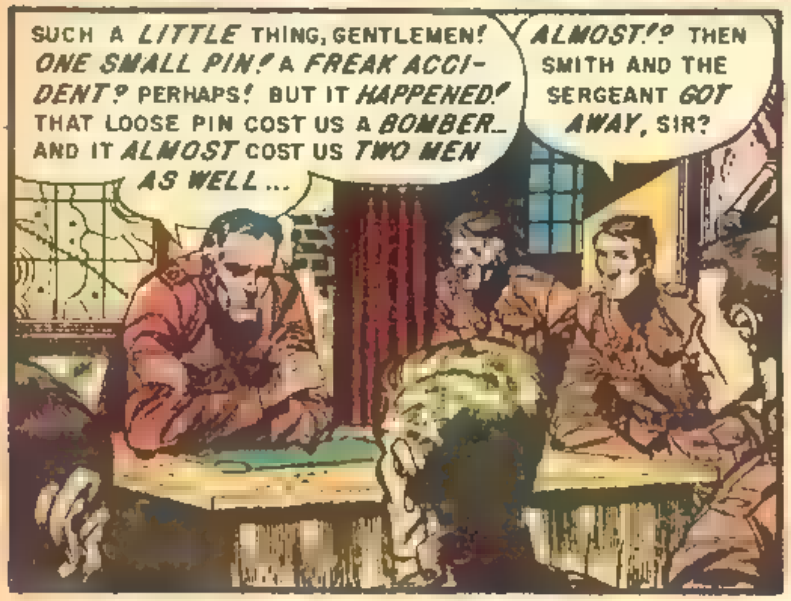


"THE DUMP WENT SKY-HIGH IN A BLINDING SUCCESSION OF EXPLOSIONS AND SMITH ALMOST SANG WITH THE THRILL AND THE PLEASURE OF IT. THIS WAS LIVING! AND WHEN *HE'D* GO... HE'D GO LIKE *THAT*... SWIFT... CLEAN! HE YANKED JOYOUSLY ON THE STICK... PUT HIS DE HAVILAND INTO A CLIMB... AND THEN IT HAPPENED..."

"SMITH FOLLOWED THE SERGEANT'S WILD GESTICULATIONS. HE SAW THE AILERON TEAR LOOSE, TAKING A HUGE STRIP OF WING FABRIC WITH IT..."

"SMITH PUSHED THE STICK FORWARD. THERE WAS JUST ONE CHANCE! TAKE THE BOMBER DOWN! FORCE LAND IT BEFORE IT WENT OUT OF CONTROL! ONLY... HE DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT..."





YOU LET THAT SINK IN. YOU LET THEM PICTURE THEMSELVES... CRIPPLED... BATTERED. THEN... CASUALLY ... YOU CROSS YOUR LEGS...

CHOKE... *YOU!*

THEN... THEN *YOU* WERE THAT LIEUTENANT SMITH, SIR!

THERE IS A MOMENT OF STRAINED SILENCE AS THE MEN STARE DOWN AT YOUR ARTIFICIAL LIMB. THEN...

I... I GUESS WE'VE ALL BEEN ... PRETTY *STUPID*, SIR! ALL THIS TIME YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO *SAVE* US... FROM... *THAT*... AND WE NEVER *UNDERSTOOD!*

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SAVE THE GOVERNMENT THE LOSS OF *EXPENSIVE PLANES* AND *TRAINED MEN*, LIEUTENANT LAWSON. HAVE I... MADE MY *POINT?*

YOU LOOK AROUND. THE MEN NOD GRIMLY...

YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT, SIR. I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE ANY PROBLEM WITH *US* FROM NOW ON IN! NOT... NOT WITH *ANY* OF US!

GOOD! WE'VE GOT AN EARLY FLIGHT IN THE MORNING, GENTLEMEN. WE CAN ALL USE SOME REST! GOOD NIGHT!

THEY FILE OUT SOBERLY AND YOU KNOW YOU'VE WON THAT LAST BATTLE. THEY'LL *GO ON* BEING DEADLY AND EFFICIENT NOW! YOU *KNOW* THAT! WHEN THE LAST OF THEM HAVE LEFT, YOU CALL TO YOUR ORDERLY...

SERGEANT! GET ME *OUT* OF THIS BLASTED THING, *WILL YOU?* IT'S *KILLING* ME!

THE SERGEANT COMES IN AND HELPS YOU. ■ A MOMENT YOU'RE RID OF THE CONTRAPTION. AND WHAT A RELIEF IT IS. YOUR REAL LEG HAS BEEN STRAPPED BACK TIGHTLY FOR OVER AN HOUR NOW, AND IT'S PRETTY STIFF...

AH-H-H! THAT'S BETTER...

YOUR JOB IS DONE. YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THE WOODEN LEG AGAIN. THE SERGEANT PUTS IT AWAY... AND HE'S GRINNING. S■ YOU PERMIT YOURSELF THE LUXURY OF A SMILE TOO... AT LONG LAST...

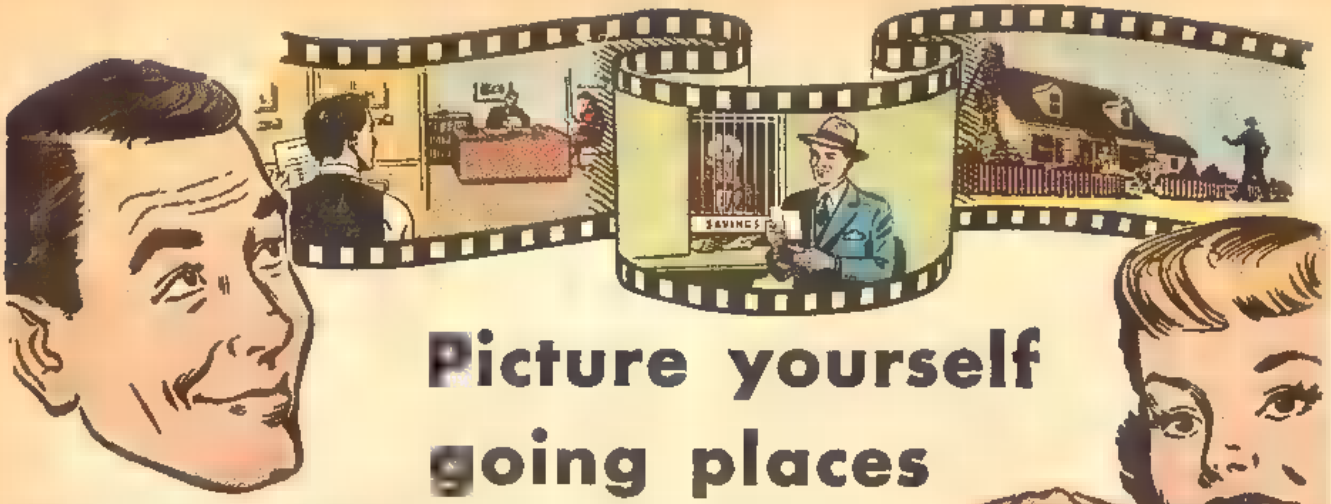
THAT WAS QUITE A *YARN*, SIR! I HEARD IT FROM THE NEXT ROOM! YOU ALMOST HAD *ME* BELIEVING THAT PART ABOUT YOUR LEG...

I DID MY *BEST!* BUT, THEN, IT WASN'T *TOO HARD!*..

YOU LEAN BACK...

AFTER ALL... I *MIGHT* HAVE LOST A LEG WHEN WE CRASHED IN THAT DE HAVILAND!

END



Picture yourself going places

You've done it often. Call it day-dreaming if you like, but you've seen yourself in a bigger job — giving orders and making decisions — driving off in a smart new car — buying your family a fine home.

There's nothing wrong with dreams. But how about making them come true? *You can do it,* if you're willing to try!

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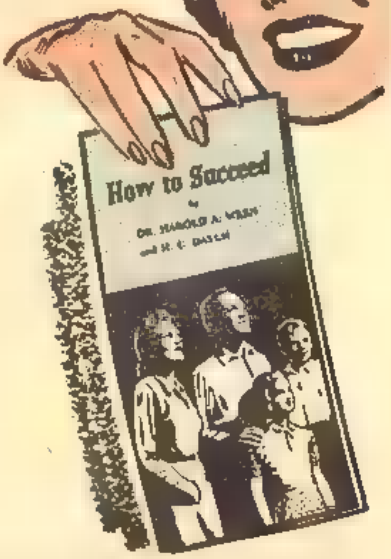
What are you going to do about it? Just wait and wish? If you really *want to succeed,* you can get the training you need by studying at home in your spare time. International Correspondence Schools offer you a course in just about any field you choose, giving you the practical plus the bedrock facts and theory. No skimming or skimping! And you'll be earning while you learn. Students report better jobs and more pay within a few months.

Look over the list of subjects in the coupon below. Pick out the one that interests you most — the one that holds the greatest future for you. Then mark the coupon, and mail it today. *Find out* what I. C. S. can do for you. It costs only a stamp or postcard, but it's the first step if you want to go places!



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- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
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It costs you nothing to try.

Last year some folks made $250—$500—$1,000 and more this very way. Church groups and organizations can do this, too. No experience necessary.

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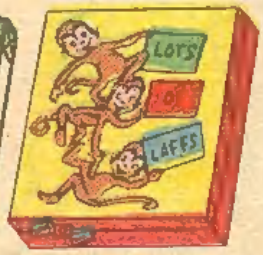
21 luxurious cards—including gold bronzing, dainty hand finishing, matching pastel envelopes



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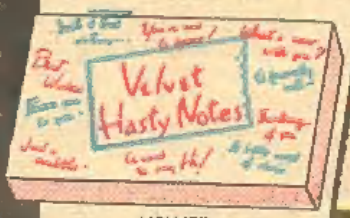

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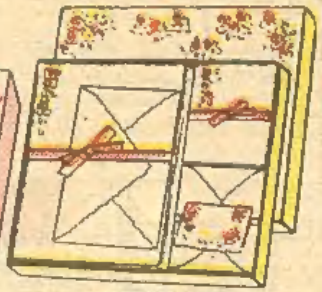

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SPECIAL NOTE!

This story is completely true. This car exists — in Milford, Pennsylvania. The owner of this car is not a handyman — he had never touched the engine of his car before September 18, 1953.

And yet, in one working day, this man got 14 miles MORE per gallon from his car. He increased the horsepower of his car by 20%. He tripled the number of miles he could drive without changing his oil.

And he did this without buying one single piece of equipment — without making one major change anywhere on that car!

Here is his amazing story, told in his own words. And here is the complete proof — the simple, step-by-step instructions that show YOU how to equal this performance how to save this gas — how to practically double the horsepower of your car — and start doing it — TODAY!

By WALTER ALSTON

Let me start this way. I own a 1952 Chevie. I'm the original owner. I've driven the car some 27,000 miles. Until six months ago, this car was no better or worse than any other automobile on the highway.

Until six months ago, I'd been getting 16 miles a gallon from my car on the open road. Today, I get 29 miles a gallon. Six months ago it took me 20 seconds to accelerate from zero to 60 miles an hour. Today, I make it in 15 seconds flat. I leave other Chevies a half-block behind at the lights. And they wouldn't believe it if I told them that I'm using less gas than they are!

Now, I'm no mechanic. Until six months ago, I never really touched the engine of my car. I bought no expensive tools. I made no major mechanical changes, because I **couldn't** make them. I didn't spend one red penny for "gimmicks" or "gas savers" of any kind. The only difference between my car today—and the performance that you can get out of your car one day or one week or one month from now—lies in a few simple, scientific facts. I learned these facts from some of the country's top automotive engineers. I'd like to give them to you — right now!

This Is What Automotive Engineers Discovered About Your Car!

1. These engineers learned that the average driver probably WASTES 2 to 2½ gallons of gas out of every 10 — simply because no one has ever taught him the few professional secrets of smart driving! That he doesn't know how to avoid second gear—and save **40% of the gasoline he now uses,** every time he touches his shift. That he doesn't know how to beat stop-and-go driving and save **75% of the gasoline he now uses,** every time he pulls away from a light. That he does not know the right way to warm up his engine—and **save 90% to 95% of the gasoline he now uses,** every time he pulls away from his garage. And that if he could learn these few simple tricks, then he could increase his mileage by 3-5-7 miles a gallon **immediately**—without touching a single tool —without lifting up his hood.

2. These experts learned than an additional 2 to 3 gallons out of every ten **are wasted** in the engine of your car. That not one drop of that gasoline goes to move your wheels an inch. That this wasted gasoline is burned up to beat the unnecessary friction in your engine . . . that it leaks out of the cracks and holes in your engine . . . that it's never exploded— **that its power goes out the exhaust instead of the wheels.** These men discovered that if you could find a lubricant that reduced that friction . . . if you could find a sealer, that trapped that power . . . if you could find a compressor that increased that explosion—then you would automatically **save** that wasted gasoline—you would increase that mileage by an additional 3 to 7 miles a gallon—and you would end up with as much as 8-10 and 12 and even 14 extra miles a gallon.

3. And at the same time—because you were getting more punch from your engine—you would automatically **get faster pick-up** . . . **greater acceleration** . . . more jump every time you touched a pedal. You would help prevent major repairs — because you could stop minor disturbances before they could grow. And you would be able to drive an automobile that gives you new-car power . . . new-car economy . . . new-car dependability for as much as 75,000 to 90,000 miles!

Save Up To 50% On Your Car Bills — This Year Alone!

This is just the beginning! Suppose that you could have these very same experts — these Indianapolis mechanics . . . Detroit engineers . . . and United States government scientists!—RIGHT AT YOUR ELBOW 24 hours a day!

Suppose these experts showed you simple 2-minute adjustments to your spark plugs that added as much as 2 to 3 miles per gallon to your car . . . plus an easy trick with your tires, that added as much as 4 miles per gallon to your car . . . plus a way that you could switch one single wire in your engine and save up to 40 gallons on your winter driving!

Suppose these experts gave you the trick of automatically cleaning the waste, sludge, carbon out of your engine, and adding as much as 3 years to the life of your car . . . plus the secret of adding as much as 10,000 miles to your tires without even picking up a tool . . . plus wonderful 2-minute tips on what to do when your battery or engine or radiator failed . . . so you could start that "dead" battery without a push or tow . . . so you could prevent that radiator from overheating even in the worst traffic . . . so you could start that engine in minutes even in below freezing weather.

Get Up To 14 Miles More Per Gallon From Your Car!

This is exactly what a brand-new book, HOW TO DOUBLE THE PERFORMANCE OF YOUR CAR — does for you. This book is guaranteed to save you up to 60% or 70% of your present oil bills . . . up to 80% of your present repair bills . . . and to add as much as $200 to $250 to the resale value of your car.

Here are dozens of gas-saving tricks that can save you $100 to $150 in gas bills—this year alone!

Here's how to get an extra 20% . . . 25% . . . 30% **more power** from your car without spending a penny — the power you need to get out of trouble on the highway . . . to zoom away from other cars at the lights. Here's how to add 5-10 miles an hour to your top speed . . . how to drive up to 5,000 miles safely—without changing your oil! Here's how to get 25,000 more miles from your tires without touching a tool . . . how to stop steering wheel "play" . . . how to prevent your windshield from fogging up during the winter . . . how to fix a stuck horn . . . how to instantly get out of snow or sand without a tow!

Save Up To $100 In Repair Bills This Season Alone!

Here's the easy, quick way to make dents and scratches disappear — for good — how to remove rust from chrome, keep it sparkling bright, for years. How to make your own carbed — "customize" your car . . . restyle your grill . . . make your own "Continental Rear Tire" for less than $10 . . . how to lower your car . . . how to "soup up" your car for more power and mileage!

Here is your Complete Fix-It-Yourself Section that may save you $100 to $150 this season alone! Here's how to prevent the most costly breakdowns — before they happen! How to prevent carbon and valve jobs—major clutch replacements—carburetor, brake and starting failures. Simple step-by-step picture directions show you how to adjust brakes yourself and save $5! Repair a clutch yourself and save $13. Add new life to your battery and save as much as $18! Fix a leaky radiator and save $20!

Here's exactly what to do when your engine won't start—when your engine misses—if your engine stalls or floods —if you use too much oil—if your engine idles rough—black exhaust smoke — poor acceleration — labors — overheats — pings — knocks, shimmies — wanders and dozens more!

Here's a quick, 3-minute way to free sticking valves, without touching a tool! A 20-second way to prevent oil waste. How to get faster warm-ups in winter. Here's an emergency road flare that doesn't cost a penny . . . how to make anti-freeze last for two, or more seasons. How to tell whether or not you really need a ring job, and perhaps save up to $250 on your car. Car repair books have sold separately for as high as $5 apiece! But now this amazing new car owner's fix-it-yourself section is yours as just one part of this amazing book! ACT TODAY!

Try It At Our Risk!

You can't buy "How To Double The Performance of Your Car" in a store. It sells for $1.98 plus postage — less than you'll save on your first minor repair. Try this book for 30 days. If you're not completely satisfied return for your full money back.

Here Is Authentic Documentation

NOTE: The information listed below is obtainable at your public library or through the publishers listed. These pamphlets should be read by every American driver.

ON REPAIRS!
THE REPAIR MAN WILL GYP YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT,
by Roger W. Reiss, Published by the Reader's Digest, July, 1941

ON GAS MILEAGE!
150 MILES A GALLON IS POSSIBLE,
by E. H. Burgess

INCREASED FUEL ECONOMY,
by Plymouth Division, Chrysler Corporation

ON OIL MILEAGE!
OIL DOES NOT WEAR OUT MECHANICALLY,
United States Bureau of Standards Bulletin 86

CHANGE YOUR OIL, MISTER,
by Jack Harrison Pollock, True Magazine, June, 1952

FREE!

Up to $3 Retail Value!

Up to 2-4 Miles More Per Gallon, Instantly, say thousands of users!

Probably the most widely-sold automotive equipment in the world! OVER HALF A MILLION DRIVERS have paid up to $3 a set to put these amazing Air Bleed Needles on their cars! *But we have bought out an entire factory at a sacrifice price! For this one advertisement only, they are yours as a FREE gift, even if you return the book! But you must act TODAY! After our limited supply is gone, they must return to the $3 price!*

Here is how they work: If you have a six-cylinder car, you need only *one* Needle (regular price — $1.50). If you have an eight-cylinder car, you need *two* Needles (regular price—$3.00). In either case, you simply unscrew the old Idling Adjustment Needle on your carburetor, and put in the new. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT! You can do it in 60 seconds . . . without even dirtying your hands!

Once they're in, the purpose of these Air Bleed Needles is TO STOP YOUR CAR FROM WASTING GAS IN STOP-AND-GO-DRIVING — to save you as much as 2 to 4 miles a gallon on your stop-and-go driving! *If you use your car to go shopping . . . if you drive to work . . . if you have to fight traffic as much as once a week, then we believe you'll bless the day you first put this equipment in your car!*

REMEMBER, THIS IS PROBABLY YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET THESE AMAZING AIR BLEED NEEDLES AS A FREE GIFT!

Eugene Stevens, Inc.
Dept. EC-7
400 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Act Today! Send This Coupon Now

EUGENE STEVENS, INC., DEPT. EC-7
400 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without obligation, please rush me the brand-new one-volume car library, HOW TO DOUBLE THE PERFORMANCE OF YOUR CAR. I understand this book is completely guaranteed. I agree to pay on arrival, only $1.98 plus postage. Also send me as your extra Gift Premium, the amazing Air Bleed Needles, mine as a gift. If not completely satisfied within 30 days, I will return book for my full money back.

NAME _____
(please print in pencil)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

MAKE OF CAR _____ YEAR _____

☐ Check here to save. Enclose $2 cash, check or money orders and we will pay all postage. Same money back guarantee of course.

MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends

THROW YOUR VOICE

Ventro & Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist."

No. 137 _____ 25¢

First chop a cigarette in two in either hole. Then put finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Thrilling. Full instructions included.

No. 222 ____ Only 1.00

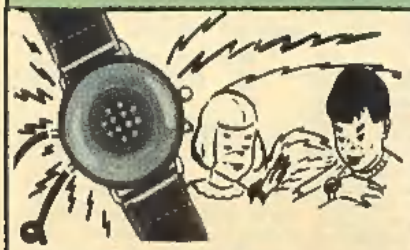
NICKELS TO DIMES

NO SKILL REQUIRED

5 VARIATIONS INCLUDED

Brass cover is placed on four nickels, a spectator removes the cover and four dimes are discovered. The nickels have apparently vanished into thin air. The brass cover may be examined. Many other startling effects can be performed.

No. 215 _____ 1.00



AMAZING WRIST RADIO

Wowee! A wrist radio like Dick Tracy's that really works. Imagine receiving regular broadcasts up to about 50 miles, and actually transmitting your voice over short distances when connected to another set. You wear it like a watch, but listen in like a radio. No batteries, no electricity, no tubes. Built in earphone and aerial.

No. 133 _____ 2.98

A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too. Plastic, 14 inches long with white tips and a black center. 5 exciting tricks—Rises, Jumps, produces silk, etc.

No. 240 _____ 1.50

RADIO MIKE

Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from another room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high

No. 112 _____ 1.98

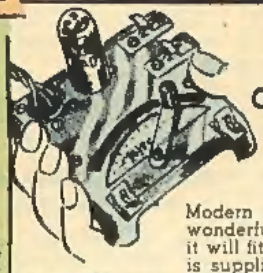
WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.

No. 247 _____ 50¢

The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation". Absolutely harmless.

No. 239 _____ Only 50¢



POWERFUL COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size . . . Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio.

No. 205 _____ 3.98

BLACK EYE JOKE

"See Naughty Lady." They look and look and they blacken their eyes without knowing it.

No. 216..... Only 25¢

Costume Set Designed for Every Boy

Style 160H

Style 160H—For you he-men, we've got the newest, most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time. A complete Superman outfit in fine durable washable rayon gabardine. Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gilt figure "S", and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14. _____ 6.98

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Lynbrook, N. Y. Dept. A 957

Cannot ship orders totalling less than $1.00.

Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund of the purchase price.

ITEM #	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

☐ I enclose _____ in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____